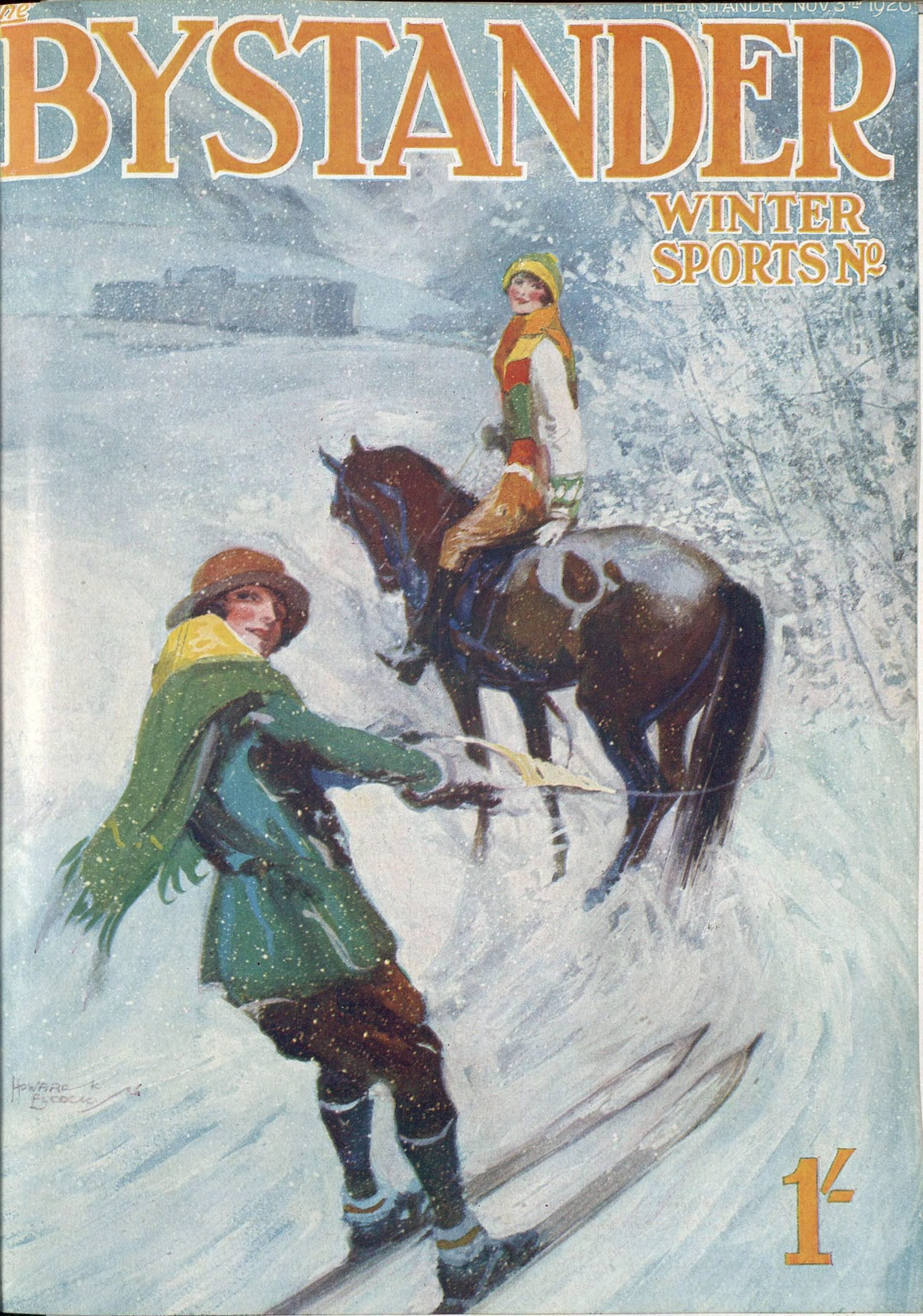
THE BYSTANDER

WINTER SPORTS No.



1/-

MEGÈVE

FRENCH ALPS

Railway Stations: Sallanches or Le Fayet-St. Gervais P.L.M

IDEAL CENTRE FOR SKI-ING

Just over 20 miles from CHAMONIX

Telephone No. 3 Megève.

Tel. Address: Vlondarbois Megève

HOTEL du MONT d'ARBOIS

4166 feet altitude.

FIRST CLASS—RENOWNED CELLARS AND COOKING

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Summer Season—15th June to 15th September

One of the Finest Mountain Golf Links in France. Tennis.

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Bookings—Hotel du Mont d'Arbois, Megève (Hte. Savoie).

This Winter Seek Health at

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"The Mecca of Health"

THE Spa of the Orient calls you. Sun-bathed Egypt offers you the renewal of priceless health at Helouan, whose healing waters and sulphur springs have been famous since the age of Amenhotep (1600 B.C.). Here is to be found to-day one of the most up-to-date Thermal Establishments in the world, replete with all that modern scientific equipment can suggest And here, too, is a Hotel which is a marvel of comfort and efficient service—

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Special Terms for Invalids :: Golf, Tennis, Excursions

An interesting illustrated brochure, full of invaluable information for intending visitors to Egypt, is available from all leading Tourist Agencies

Winter in the Pyrenees

SEASON 1926-1927. December to March.

FONT-ROMEU

(Pyrénées Orientales)

Incomparable winter resort

Le Grand Hotel

(Altitude, 6000 feet.)

OPENS FOR WINTER SEASON, 15 DECEMBER.

Special terms for minimum stay of 7 days.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR FAMILIES.

WINTER SPORTS: Ski, Lugeing, Bobsleigh, Sledge, Skijoring, Hockey, Curling, Skating

MOUNTAIN GOLF COURSE OPENS JUNE, 1927.

For all information, apply to M. le Directeur GRAND HOTEL FONT-ROMEU (Pyrénées Orientales).

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(Hte. Garonne)

The station for winter sports

L'Hotel de Superbagnères

(Altitude 6000 feet.)

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Connected with Luchon by Electric Rack and Pinion Railway

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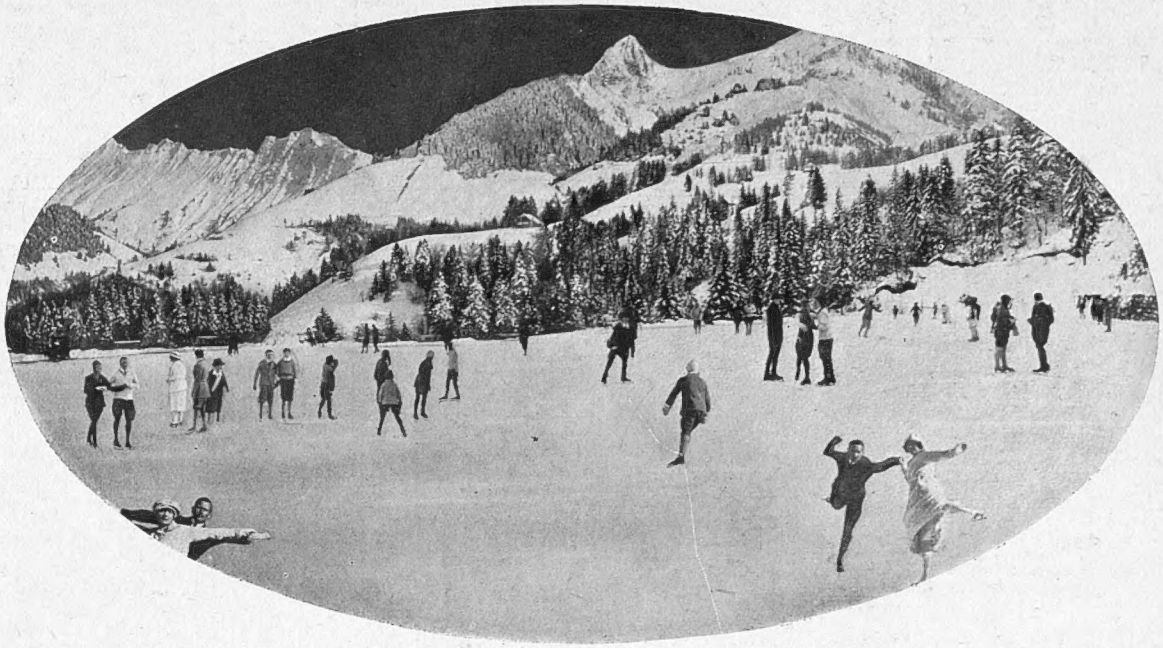
Apparatus and Sportsmen taken up by the Electric Railway

For all information, apply to M. le Directeur HOTEL DE SUPERBAGNÈRES, LUCHON (Hte. Garonne.)



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The Centre of the Alpine Paradise.

Every type of Winter Sport at

GLION (2,297 feet).
CAUX (3,678 feet).
LES AVANTS (3,189 feet).
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LA LENK (3,511 feet).

Sports trains from Montreux to all above resorts at reduced fares.

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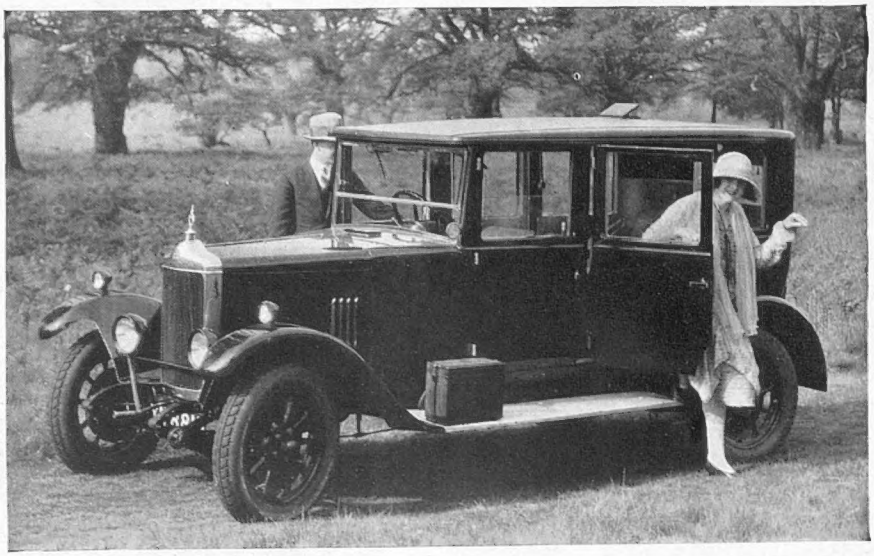

Lucky People!

THE 14/28 h.p. "Park Lane" Saloon gives in extra measure all the advantages associated with comfortable motoring.

Plenty of room for four people, and ample power to carry them up the steepest hill! Good springing and four-wheel Brakes. Light steering and easy gears. Unusually well-finished and splendidly equipped. Upholstery and fittings in perfect taste. It looks, inside and out, like a £500 car, yet costs only £335. See it and judge for yourself.

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Standard

14/28 h.p. Four-Cyl. "PARK LANE" SALOON

Other 14/28 h.p. models from **£275.**
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Dunlop Tyres on all models.

£335

All Standard Cars are now finished in the Zofelac Cellulose Process. . . Colours: Red, Blue and Fawn.

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.
Agents everywhere.

"COUNT · THEM · ON · THE · ROAD"

ALPINE SPORTS, LIMITED

Chairman, SIR HENRY LUNN.

The following Hotels are reserved exclusively for the Winter Season: BERGUN Kurhaus; MALOJA, Palace; MURREN Palace des Alpes, Regina, Eiger, etc.; MORGINS, Grand Hotel; PONTRESINA Schloss, Park; SILS MARIA Barblan; WENGEN, Belvedere.

Plans of Hotels from Secretary.

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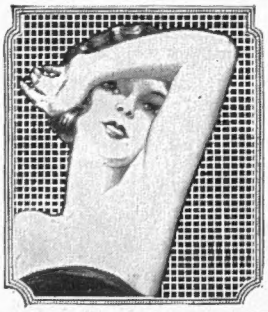
SIDMOUTH

For Winter Sunshine

Medically recommended Baths and Climate. Excellent Golf (18 holes) and Tennis (Hard Courts). Unrivalled Scenery. Walks and Drives. Reconstructed Promenade now completed. Palatial Hotels and other Accommodation. From London (Waterloo), Through Coaches by Corridor Restaurant Trains of Southern Railway.

Write for Illustrated Guide (No. 2) to Town Clerk, Sidmouth, South Devon.

NO SUPERFLUOUS HAIR!



Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. The skin is not left darkly speckled with blunt hair ends, but flawlessly white, soft and smooth. Veet is a perfumed velvety cream which you apply just as it comes from the tube. In a few minutes rinse it off and not a hair remains. It has been used by more than three million women. Entirely satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case, or money back. Sold by all chemists, hairdressers and stores at 1/6 and 3/-.

Beware of imitations!

VEET 1/6

Removes Hair Like Magic

THE AGE OF THE SPECIALIST

Leather Craft Sports Wear and Country Kits

THE SANDWITCH COSTUME

Of Gazelda Suede and "Apperleen" (The Super Cloth)

Coat Lined Silk Faced Apperleen

FROM

5½ Gns.

Apperleen Skirt to match, all styles

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Perfect Cut and Tailored by experts.

Satisfaction and Fit Guaranteed.

Send for Free Cuttings, Samples, and Catalogue, to—

LEATHER CRAFT OF MALVERN
OR
13, 15, 17, BROMPTON ARCADE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 3

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Sterling Way to Health & Beauty

No more natural way to maintain or regain Health and Beauty than by using the

"Sterling" Violet Ray High Frequency Generator

Nature's own remedies—bracing ozone and curative rays available in your own home at any time.

The Original and still the best Generator

All British made.

Prices from **£5.5.0**

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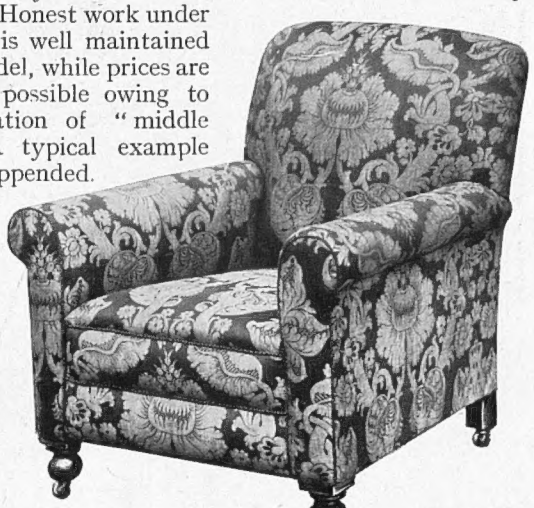
BARKERS MAKERS of CHAIRS

The "Invincible"—A Barker Factory Product

BARKERS hold a world-wide reputation for upholstery—upholstery which is built to last. The factory maxim of "Honest work under the cover" is well maintained in every model, while prices are the lowest possible owing to the elimination of "middle profits." A typical example of value is appended.



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The "Invincible" is sent carriage paid to nearest station in England or Wales.

THE "INVINCIBLE" EASY CHAIR

offers the fullest value in an upholstered chair yet produced. Deep sprung seat, sprung front edge and sprung back. Frames constructed from well-seasoned birch. Best quality Scotch webs. Springs are rustless and of best tempered steel wire—thus ensuring great strength and resiliency. STUFFING IS OF CURLED FIBRE AND HAIR. Covered in hard-wearing Blue Damask of attractive design.

84/-

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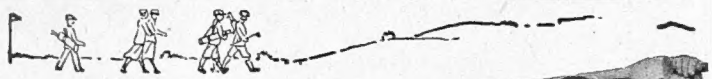

Six points about Excelsior *Guaranteed Waterproof* Golf Shoes

Most important of all they *are* really waterproof.
They are *half* the usual weight of a golf shoe. Think what a difference *that* will make.
There is no toe-cap or blocking to cause discomfort. The toes are allowed to spread naturally.
A unique cork inner sole is built into the shoe. This not only absorbs perspiration but gives that "springy feeling" that makes *every* round a pleasure.
A storm-proof welt, and no nails to come in contact with the foot—assuring comfort. A box of studs and a tin of the correct polish are supplied with each pair.
Finally, an unusually smart shoe.

Excelsior Golf Shoe *for Ladies*
BENCH MADE
In Brown Zug Calf

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear"

A SHOE OF BEAUTY EXCELSIOR AND A JOY TO WEAR

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

The business of the
INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE
is now being carried on at
OXFORD CIRCUS, REGENT ST.
(adjoining JAY'S—as sketch).

This good-looking little Coatee is fashioned from natural grey wallaby skins of very fine quality, with handsome chin collar of double fur and lined throughout with grey satin to tone. Length 30 ins. From **£21**

FURS MAY BE HAD ON APPROVAL

The INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE
OXFORD CIRCUS
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NEXT DOOR TO JAYS

A SPECIAL show is now being made of attractive coats in the less expensive pelts, ranging in price from £21 upwards. These charming creations reflect that inimitable "chic" always associated with this House, and are made from skins carrying an unconditional guarantee.

FURS RENOVATED AND REMODELLED.

Grey Hair

IT is not necessary to stress the undesirability of Grey Hair, because every woman desires the retention of her hair's youthful perfection.
Inecto is recognised universally as the effective means whereby the exact colour and the actual texture of the hair may be perpetuated.
After but one personal treatment, which occupies only half an hour of one's time, Inecto produces results of guaranteed permanency. The hair may be Permanently Waved or Marcel Waved afterwards.

IT has been the experience of the leading hairdressers that Inecto justifies that confidence reposed in it.

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SALONS :
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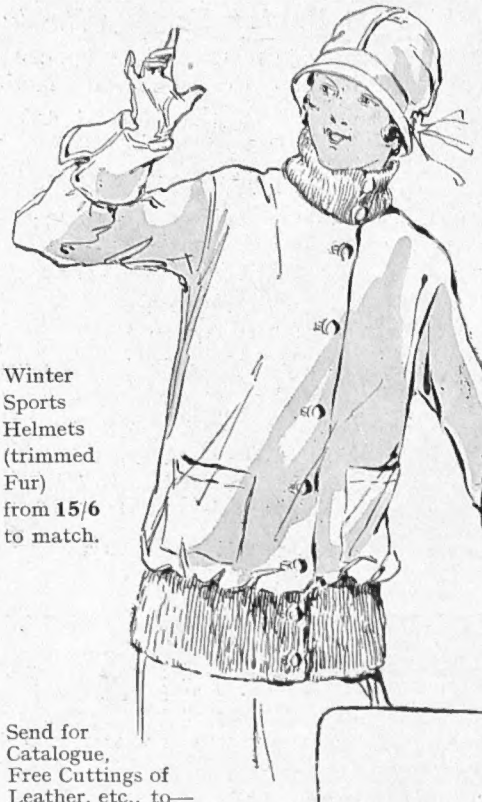
LONDON, W.1

The Age of the Specialist.

"Leather Craft" of Malvern

The only featherweight Suede Gazelle Leather Coat in existence that is WATERPROOF, WINDPROOF and WASHABLE.



Lighter than a Woollie and softer in texture.

□

Over 30 brilliant shades to select from.

□

Yet it is Leather.

□

Helmets, Hats, Skirts, Breeches, Puttees, etc. to match.

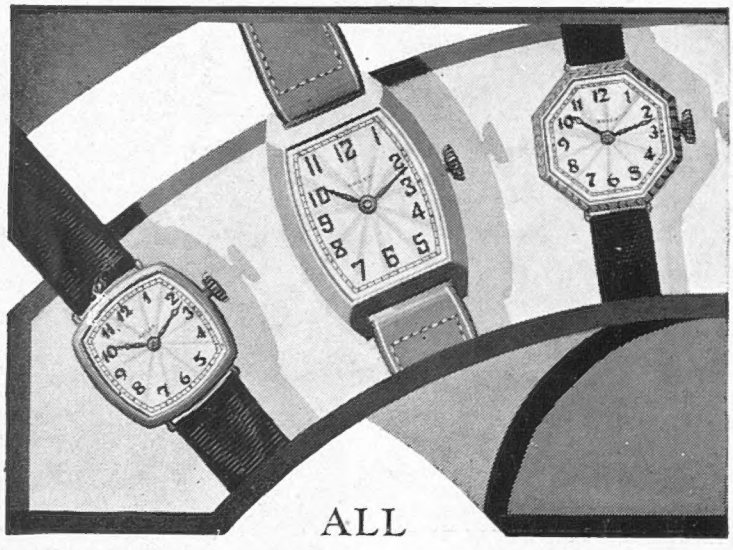
Winter Sports Helmets (trimmed Fur) from **15/6** to match.

Send for Catalogue, Free Cuttings of Leather, etc., to—

"LEATHER CRAFT" of Malvern, *or*
13, 15, & 17, Brompton Arcade, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, London, S.W. 3.

The Super Garment for Winter Sports, Golf, Motoring, Fishing, and all Country Wear.
Only - - **3½ Guineas.**

And at 169, SLOANE STREET, London, S.W.1.



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No less than 16 world's records won at the Observatories of Geneva and Kew, attest the Rolex claim : "the world's best—by every test."

Resolutely reject substitutes ; they are inferior to the genuine "Rolex."

Moderately priced in all models for Ladies and Gentlemen.

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WRIST WATCHES

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9D. Per Bottle.

The most delicious Sauce in the World.

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"His favourite brand — and mine"!

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

20 for 11½
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P.1410

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NON-SLIP TRANSFORMATIONS.

NO NETWORK. NO FRAGILE PARTS. SECURE.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS (as sketch)

With NATURAL PARTING From 6 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 5 Guineas.

TOUPETS from £4 17 6

DURABLE and HARD WEARING

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Artistic Perfection in every detail.

A Selection of Chignons, Switches, etc., always in Stock.

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WOODVILLE TEINTURE.—Convenient for touching up the temples and front of the Hair. In the following shades: Pale Ashy Blond, Golden Blond, Chestnut, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown and Black. Price 2/6 Bottle. Postage 4d. extra.

THE WOODVILLE Co.

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(Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's.

Inventors, Patentees, and Sole Manufacturers and Vendors of the widely popular WOODVILLE Transformations. Maison de Confiance.

Firmly refuse all imitations, or court certain disappointment.

As you like it—

Anzora stands no nonsense. Rub a little into your hair—then part it where you wish, or brush it straight back. You will have no more trouble for the rest of the day.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows, and ANZORA VIOLA, for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. Firmly refuse all substitutes.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair!

Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

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LADIES' RELIABLE STOCKINGS AT MODERATE PRICES

All Wool Cashmere Hose *of super quality, full fashioned, reinforced feet, very reliable and good wearing. In nude, beige, fawn, sand, putty, cinnamon, stone, mushroom, light grey, medium grey, dark grey, tan, brown, white or black.*

Price **4/6** *per pair*

Scotch Wool Hose, *wide ribbed marl mixture, made from specially selected yarns. In tan/white, fawn/white, beige/white, brown/white, fawn/powder blue, putty/saxe, fawn/beige, beige/putty, or black/white. Also plain colours, clerical, stone, grey, light camel, fawn, navy or black.*

Price **7/11** *per pair*

Pure Silk Hose *with lisle feet and tops, open lace clox, full fashioned. In flesh, nude, biscuit, champagne, beige rose, bois-de-rose, putty, fawn, camel, gold, beaver, silver pearl, platinum, grey, taupe, or metal.*

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Best Quality French Pure Silk Hose, *reinforced feet and lisle tops, open lace clox. In nude, beige champagne, flesh, putty, mushroom, fawn, camel, biscuit, silver grey, metal, mid grey, dark grey, airedale, rosewood, castor, white or black.*

Price **13/11** *per pair*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

SOFTEST PERSIAN LAMB AND BEAVER MAKE THIS DISTINGUISHED COAT

VICKERY has made this lovely Persian lamb coat in exactly the right design, straight and slim, yet with ample fulness. The becoming roll collar is beaver in that rich golden colour that you only find in the best skins. If you would like to try on this or any other coat in your own home, Mr. Vickery would be delighted to send it on approval. He also specialises in making any coats to measure. The Persian Lamb Coat illustrated shows how moderate Vickery's prices are. It costs only

55 Guineas

VICKERY

for fine furs

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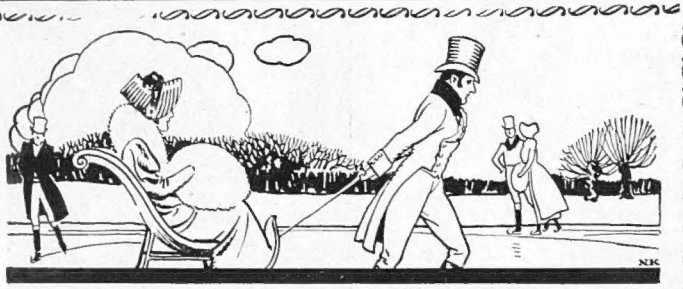

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are beautiful in themselves and accentuate the beauty of the wearer. To retain that beauty unmarred expert treatment is occasionally necessary. Such treatment is not costly, and it is more than worth while. We clean fur, pelt and lining for a very small fraction of the value of the fur and we frequently receive furs which are very valuable indeed. Our furriers are also adept at remodelling. Estimates and advice will be furnished at any branch or by

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CHILPRUFE REGD UNDERWEAR for MEN

A man's underwear must serve him well—with comfort, protection and hygiene—for a long period under varying conditions, to gain his firm support. Men with wide experience are now, more than ever, placing their trust in Chilprufe Pure Wool. Made of the finest yarn, it is silkily soft—the greatest changes in temperature never cause either chill or discomfort. Each garment is exactingly finished, special attention being paid to points liable to strain.

ONE QUALITY ONLY

This never-varying quality puts CHILPRUFE for MEN in a Class apart. There are no different grades to confuse at the counter. In asking for Chilprufe you are demanding

The Highest Attainment in ——Woollen Underwear——

VESTS, PANTS, TRUNK DRAWERS AND PYJAMAS. COMBINATIONS MADE TO SPECIAL ORDER.

Ask your Hosier for

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

If any difficulty, write direct—

THE CHILPRUFE MANUFACTURING CO.

(John A. Bolton, M.I.H., Prop.), LEICESTER

It is always the right temperature in

AERTEX

Winter Weight

The secret is in the weave. Myriads of tiny air cells insulate the body against outside temperatures—preserving a healthful equilibrium.

AERTEX Pyjamas are the most comfortable you can wear, and they will remain so after much wear and washing.

AERTEX WINTER WEIGHT UNDERWEAR

SEE THIS LABEL THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. AERTEX LONDON *ON ALL GARMENTS.*

Winter Weight Prices:

Vests *from* 6/6 Pants *from* 9/-
Combinations *from* . . 9/6
Day Shirts *from* . . . 10/6
Pyjamas *from* 17/6

Complete ranges of AERTEX Garments for Men, Women and Children are sold by hosiers, outfitters and drapers throughout the United Kingdom. In case of difficulty in obtaining write to Cellular Clothing Company Limited, 72 and 73 Fore Street, London, E.C.2. W. 7

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Photograph by Wormald Studio.

Military Brush Case containing pair of Ebony Military Brushes, pure bristles, and comb. Post Free **42/-**

A full range of Ebony and Satinwood Military Brushes always in stock. Prices from **10/6**

THERE'S a wonderful sense of satisfaction in shopping at Boots Gift Departments. Years of unique experience in the selection and marketing of presents for all occasions enable Boots to provide a helpful shopping service and an amazing variety of gifts. In every department you will find the same constant standard of good quality. This year's moderate prices ensure "better value than ever."

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THE "SPORTING" BÉRET.
ROBERT HEATH'S Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest speciality for Motoring, Golf, etc. Small appearance and very close fitting with tiny adaptable brim.

In their well-known absolutely waterproof and unspottable velvet, in Black, and also a variety of 32 art shades, to order in 4 days.

Price **37/6**

A selection of beautifully hand made natural Feather Bird models, comprising Wild Duck, Pheasant, Grouse, Partridge, Jay, Snipe, Parrot, etc., Price **15/-** each extra.

Also in second quality make, Price **7/6** each extra.

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37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

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How to Become Slight & Graceful
MY THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS
quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—**MARTIN.** *Herbalist,* **10, Welford Rd., Leicester, Box 89.**

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
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Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.
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BETTER THAN ALL YOUR HEAVY COATS
5 MINUTES BOILING
PLASMON OATS
"THE PREMIER OAT FOOD" *Medical Times*
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ARE STOMACHS LINED WITH PLASMON OATS

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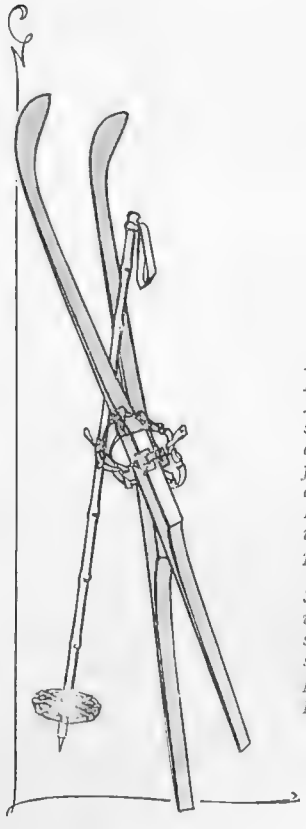
'BRABANT.' Uncommonly chic is an All Wool proofed Ski-ing Suit with Coat in plain colour, cut on jumper lines and finished with checked scarf to match the jodhpur trousers. The latter are finished with zipper fastening, which assures excellent fit. Lined throughout and reinforced. Good colourings. S.W., W. & O.S. 9 gns.

'BRAYNE' (centre). Tailored on trim mannish lines, this snug Ski-ing Suit is as practical as it is smart. Made from proofed All Wool Gaberdine. Coat lined throughout, breeches well reinforced at seat and knees. Navy, black, scarlet, Air Force blue, green, tan, wine. S.W., W. and O.S. 7 gns.

'MURREN' (at right). Three-piece Alpine Set of softest Brushed Wool—Sweater, Cap and Scarf. Cheerily striped in a host of effective shades, or made to order in any desired colourings, in four days.

Sweater, 37/6 ; *Cap,* 10/6 ; *Scarf,* 15/6.

Write for Harrods Illustrated Winter Sports Catalogue



Finest quality Hicory skis of Norwegian make selected by an expert and perfectly balanced and fitted with Hintfeldt bindings. per pair 65/-

Ski Sticks, Norwegian make, specially selected spiked ferrule. per pair 12/6

Going to Switzerland?

Then Choose Your Kit at Harrods

FEATHERY-SOFT snow, sunny skies, frosty air—and, to complete the exhilarating picture, snug, cheerily-toned skiing suits from Harrods! Correct types for every Winter Sport may be chosen here—all styled for service!

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

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The drink that lengthens life!

"A man is as old as his arteries."

SOFT WATER, taken morning and evening, will protect you from the arterial calcification that conduces to old age.

BY keeping chalk out of your system you keep at bay rheumatism, gout, gravel, and many other ailments in which lime and uric acid join forces.

FIX A "PERMUTIT" WATER SOFTENER on your supply main, and let your household enjoy the inestimable hygienic benefits of soft water.

Easily fixed. Requires no attention. Prices from £5.

The **PERMUTIT**

HOUSEHOLD WATER SOFTENER

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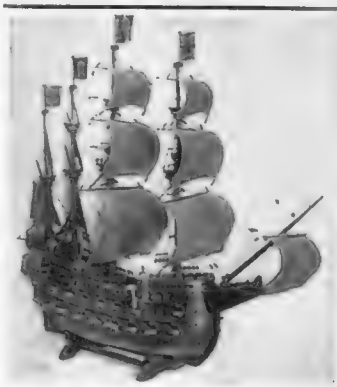

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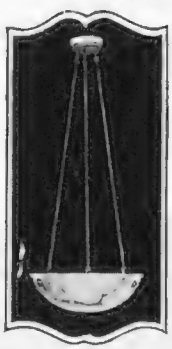

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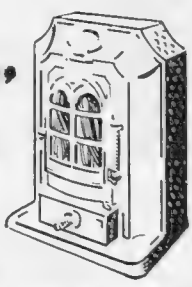

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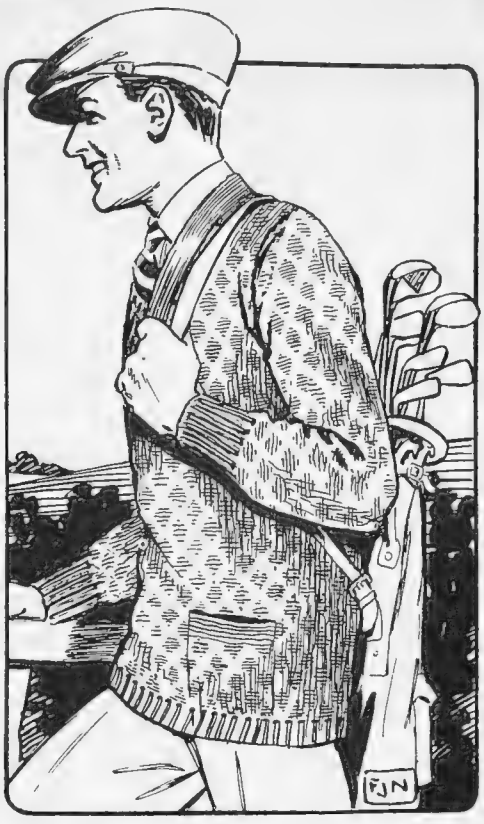

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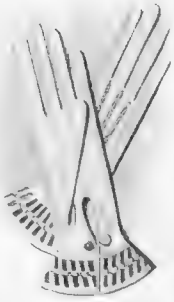

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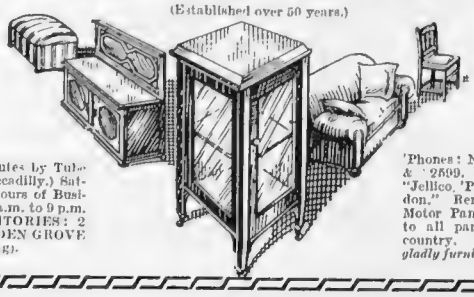

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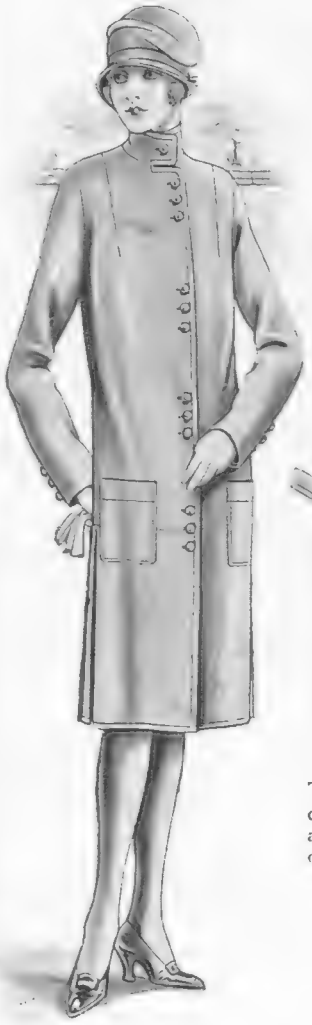

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BM 11

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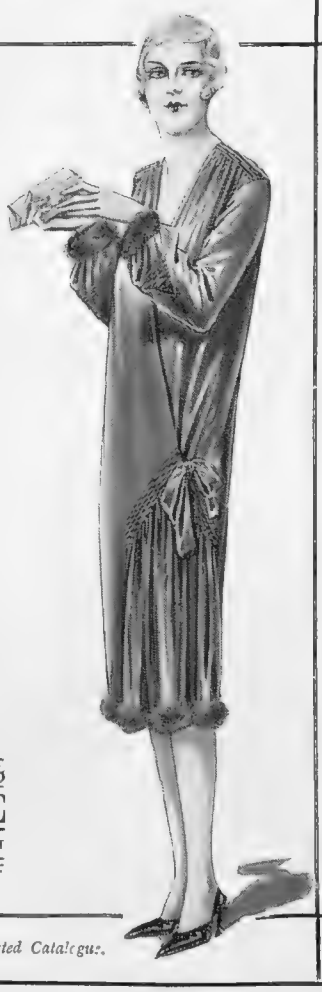

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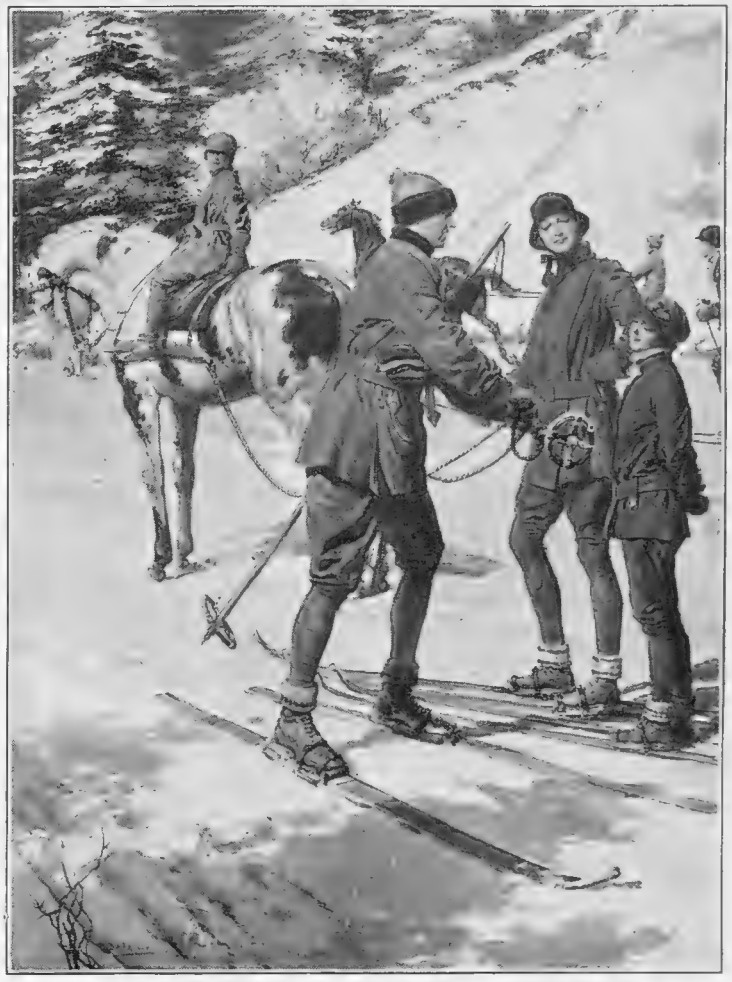

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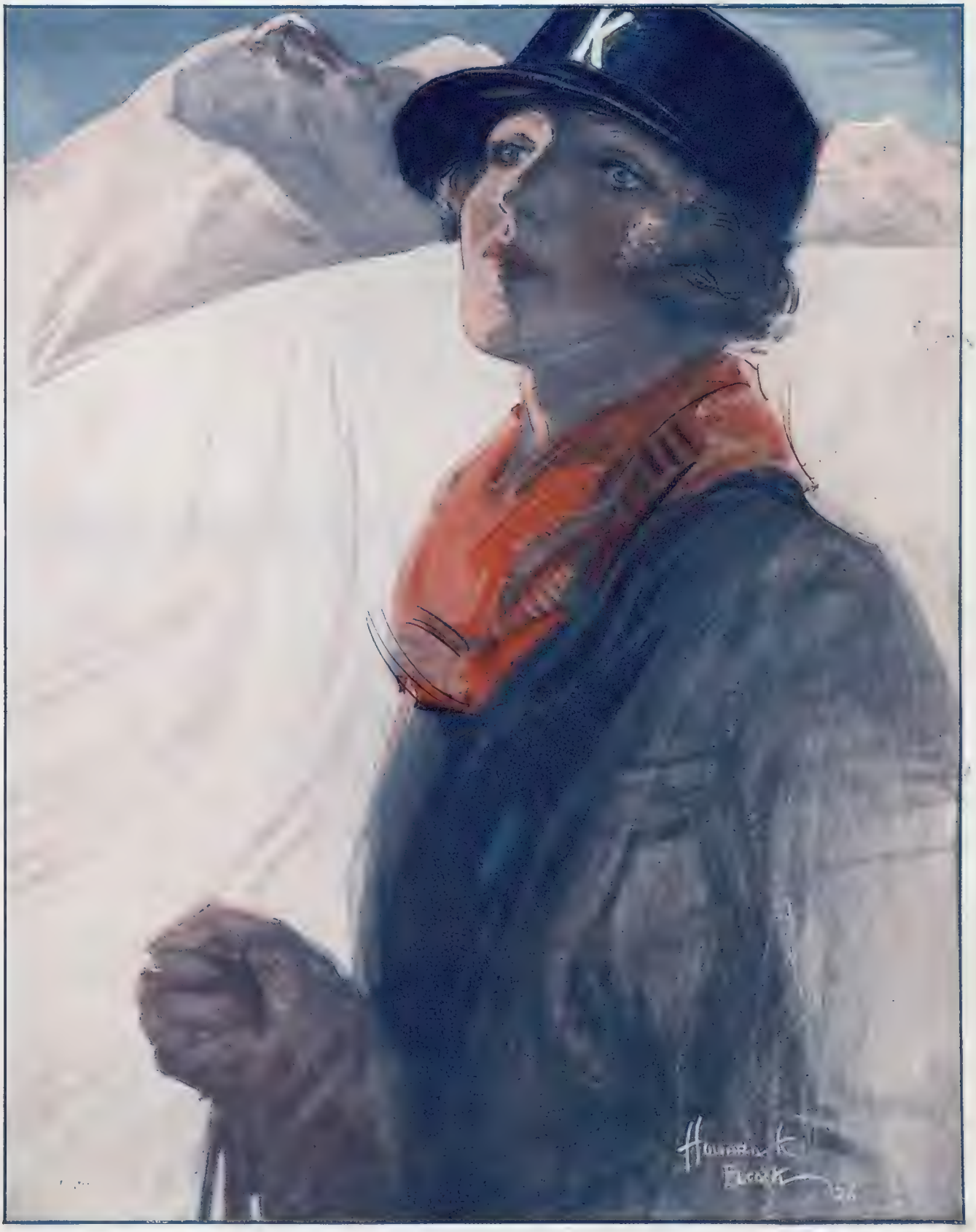

BY HOWARD K. BLOCK

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WINTER SPORTS

BY

THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON

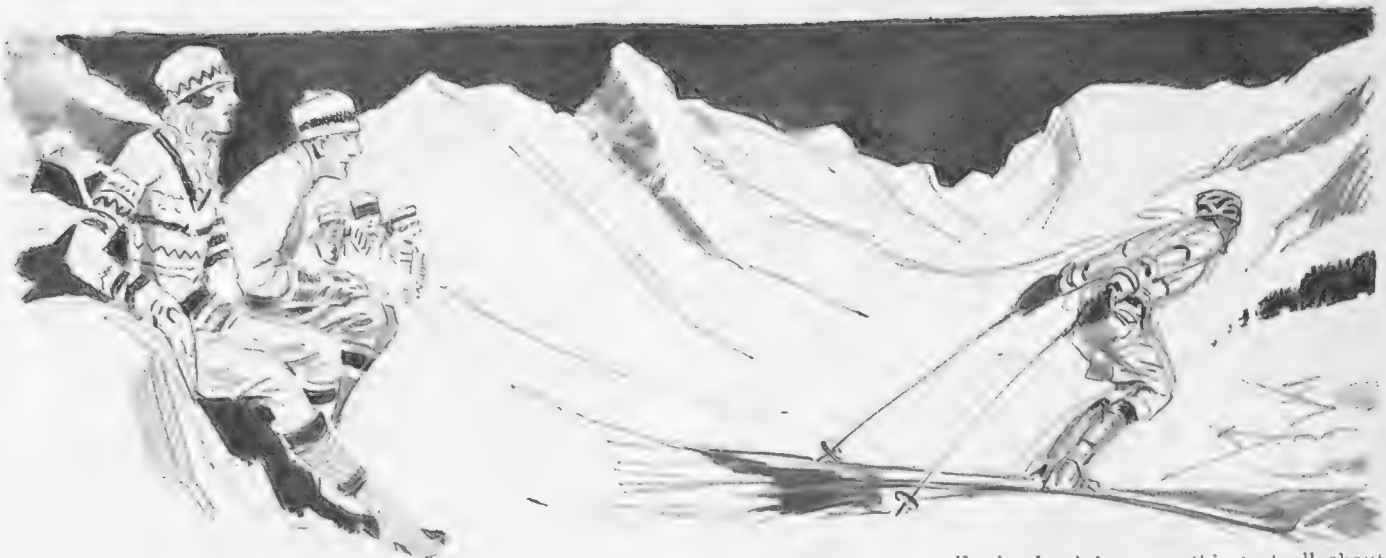
Illustrations by A. D. PHŒNIX

THE season of 1925-26 was remarkable in the history of British ski-ing, for a team representing the English universities beat the Swiss universities—a thing which has never happened before. This puts England right up in the front rank of ski-ing nations, and as our international successes are not too frequent nowadays, it is just as well to make a little fuss about them. Perhaps it is once again the law of compensation. If—as some say—we are on the down grade at our special sports, so it is only fair that we should improve at those sports which were invented by other races. This inter-university competition is composed of a down-hill speed race and a slalom or turning test round sticks. In no competition where there are Englishmen do we find any racing on the level or uphill, and that explains why we never compete in an Olympic contest where the course is set on the Norwegian principle. The Norwegians consider that skis are meant for mountain locomotion, and that for this purpose uphill and level running are just as important as running downhill. Mr. Arnold Lunn, who is the patron saint of English ski-ing, considers that uphill and level racing is a mere question of endurance, and therefore unworthy of true sportsmen. I am not sure that he is entirely right, for anyone who has seen Norwegian runners moving uphill and on the flat must realise that their skill as well as their endurance is incredible. On one famous occasion the Norwegian championship was won by a Laplander: this curious little man took off his skis when going uphill or downhill and put them on only for level running, and came in miles ahead of anyone else. Of course this is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Whether Arnold Lunn is right or wrong in barring level and uphill ski-ing altogether from English competitions is an open point, but at any rate he deserves our deepest gratitude for his untiring courage and energy which have brought about such rapid improvement.

I am no expert at the game, and therefore I am going to assume that the readers of this article have never skied in their lives and would like a few hints as to the best way to begin.

The common advice given to beginners is this:—Don't mind falling, take every hill, no matter how steep, as straight as possible, fall forwards, not backwards; though you may twist an ankle, you will never do yourself a serious injury. I consider this advice to be hopelessly wrong, and if I had not followed it on one fatal occasion I should not now be saddled with an irreparable injury. You might just as well tell a budding cyclist to start at the top of a steep hill, get up a good speed, and hope for the best.

In my opinion it is worth taking a good professor from the very start; follow his advice with regard to the purchase or hire of skis; learn how to put them on properly, then take about a dozen lessons on alternate days with a day in between for practice. After that it is a question of hard work. Unfortunately, when you are on the nursery slopes, three-quarters of your time will be spent in climbing up-hill, and one-quarter on downhill turns. I cannot help thinking that in a short time winter sports centres will be provided with a sort of moving cable which will draw you up to an appropriate height without



fatigue. It would be as well if you could make a prolonged stay for your opening season, as your progress will be twice as quick after you have got through the first fortnight. Your rapidity of progress will depend to some extent on your anatomical formation: if you are of the knock-kneed variety you will no doubt have natural ski-ing balance, and it will be the reverse if you are bow-legged: it is just conceivably possible that your legs may be straight, then your aptitude is likely to be normal. When you are far enough advanced to go on mountain expeditions, do not hesitate to take advice from an expert mountain craftsman as to the probability of avalanches: nine avalanche accidents out of ten could easily be prevented.

Now about clothes. In the high Alps, at all seasons, you meet with an extraordinary variety of temperatures; therefore, underclothing must be of porous material, preferably wool of smooth texture. The outer layer should be made of smooth cloth: avoid waterproof material like the devil. It is more dangerous keeping moisture in than letting it in. Strip as far as possible during the climb, and always take a change of gloves, a change of vest, and a spare sweater in your haversack. The ideal kit for ladies has yet to be designed. The Amazons on the Parthenon frieze show us how the draped female form can be graceful and athletic at the same time.

I have purposely devoted my whole space to the noble sport of ski-ing, for it is to the Alps what fox-hunting is to England. I know nothing at all about tobogganing or curling, but I know enough about skating to realise that it is as difficult as ballet dancing. Skating in the International style is the most beautiful form of dancing. At Miss Freda Whittaker's skating rink in Hertford Street ice waltzing and ordinary dancing go on at the same time, and it is astonishing how heavy and awkward the ordinary dancers look.

It is true that the kind of falls which you get ski-ing or skating are not often serious, but they are very likely to dislocate vertebræ, and so after a winter sports season it is well worth going to be vetted by one or other of the admirable manipulators who form the chief adornment of English medicine.

One final word of warning against overdoing it: when you get up to the height of 6,000 feet you rarely feel tired, and it is quite possible to do with little sleep; to ski and skate all day and dance all night is unwise. People often return from Switzerland looking old and wizened, collapsing utterly when they reach sea level: it is a good thing to take a nap before dinner and never to stay up beyond midnight. N. L.

Photograph *Albert Steiner*

THE FINISHED ARTICLE

M. Gerard de Mestral, the well-known skier, making a series of perfect turns on a run downhill

NOVEMBER

BY A. A. THOMSON.

DO we remember
The month of November?
Can we (I ask you) e'er hope to forget her?
Rain perpendicular,
London "particular,"
Playing the deuce with all traffic vehicular,
Darker and duller, and darker and wetter.

Like some Russian novel,
You make earth a hovel,
Dark and unhappy and almost despairing;
Distant from Spring you are;
Gloomy old thing you are;
What—yes, I'll say it—a perfect Dean Inge you are!
Mourning forever you seem to be wearing.

One morning so yellow
That excellent fellow
Guy Fawkes, a person you're sure to remember,
Collared some dynamite,
Just as a miner might,
To blow to an atom or even a finer mite
Everything near on that Fifth of November.

They took him to Bow Street,
Then quite a low street,
With his lantern and matches and slouch hat and feather.
Said the magistrate: "Get you off!
'Twas the weather that set you off,
I feel it my duty this morning to let you off . . .
Why, I'll blow myself up if there's more of this weather!"

SKETCHES BY LEO CHENEY

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Winter Sports

Those good folk who spend the winter in Switzerland labour under the delusion that there are no other winter sports than theirs. Unless you know what a "luge" looks like or can pronounce "ski" as she is pronounced, then you are entirely without the pale. Dear me! Dear them! Dear us! How extremely stupid, to be sure.

How Many Sacks Make Five?

My own particular winter sport at the moment is to persuade a cold-hearted coal merchant that more hundredweights go to the ton than is actually the case. If the wretched fellow had been educated at one or other of the universities I might get away with it, but unfortunately for me he hails from a thoroughly sound secondary school and knows, none better, how many sacks make five.

A Bit of a Sport

There are other winter sports that I need not enumerate. When I am out with the Beagles, or walking up a partridge in a field of turnips, I am a bit of a winter sport myself. Put me on skis and give me a push and you can't see me for dust. But this is mere frivolity. What I really have to do is to introduce you to the pages of jolly pictures that follow, and this I do most gladly. If you happen to figure in those jolly scenes, so much the better, and, if you don't—better luck next time.

Written on Our Hearts

When I walked into the Strand to find what had won the Cambridgeshire I didn't have to turn to the back page to discover that all was well and truly lost. The face of the newspaper merchant was sufficient to tell me that I was not numbered among the prophets. And I am inclined to ask if someone can't do something about it. How can we be expected to support these national institutions unless we receive a little encouragement now and then? When some of us die the words Myra Gray and Insight II will be found written on our hearts.

A Clearer Vision

The wife of New Zealand's Prime Minister has earned the gratitude of London's architects by praising the buildings that have been erected during the last sixteen years. As some people cannot see the forest for the trees, so some of us have not been able to see our city for the houses. Mrs. Coates, returning after a lengthy absence, has a clearer vision, and we cannot listen too carefully to what she has to say.

Ancient Landmarks

It is the fashion to regret the passing of ancient landmarks and to decry that which is new—however good it may be. How some people squealed when Devonshire House was handed over to the house-breakers! And yet the magnificent pile that has been raised upon its site makes that rather dingy mansion an anything but glowing memory. Myself, I have no regrets for that particular ducal home now that I have seen the new Piccadilly in the making.

The New Regent Street

And so with Regent Street. Let me admit at once that I saw the passing of the old quadrant with something approaching dismay. I was among the foremost of those who gave vent to lamentations loud and long. Yet the new Regent Street is a thoroughfare of which London may well be proud. Mrs. Coates has singled it out for special praise. She sees in it a glorious Phœnix that has risen from the ashes of the old. She finds the greatness and the brightness of our city almost overwhelming. And, as I have said, we cannot be too grateful for the clearer vision that is hers. She has the long view!

The New Courtesy

TRAVELLING on the top of one of the new covered-in 'buses the other day, I noticed particularly the lowness of the roof, and that even men of average height had to stoop in getting in and out of their seats, and the result was frequently a dented bowler hat. But on this occasion a young man of well over 6ft. was standing, or, rather, bending, up, and I was amused to see a small boy, who noticed the young man's obvious discomfort, get up and offer him his seat, which, however, was blushingly refused. I suppose that these roofs have been fixed at the only height conducive to safety, but it is rather a neck-aching business to climb in and out of the top of these omnibus "saloons." Still, to have a roof over one's head if one wants to smoke on a wet day is a comfort.

Telephone Charges

THE controller of the London Telephone Service has issued a striking pamphlet in which he reminds subscribers of the great economies they may practise by using their instruments at stated hours. I had a vague idea that it was cheaper to hold up a trunk call until after 7 p.m., but it comes as news to me that the same rule applies to the afternoon, and I had no idea that the reductions were so drastic. For instance, the ordinary charge for a call covering a distance of 200 miles is five shillings and sixpence, but between the afternoon hours of two and seven this is reduced to four shillings and threepence, while after 7 p.m. it becomes two shillings and ninepence. Such glad tidings as these cannot be too widely known.

Husband and Wife

WHEN the post brought me a circular of a certain second-hand car company I was surprised to find printed in the corner the following jolly little note:—

> P.S.—I've enclosed a leaflet about my wife's new novel "Cupboard Love," because "The Bookman" says "It makes one hungry to read it."—S.W.

And, sure enough, in the same envelope I found the leaflet on which was printed the publishers' announcement of this latest novel from the pen of Mrs. Stanley Wrench, together with an excellent photograph of the popular authoress.

A Happy Idea

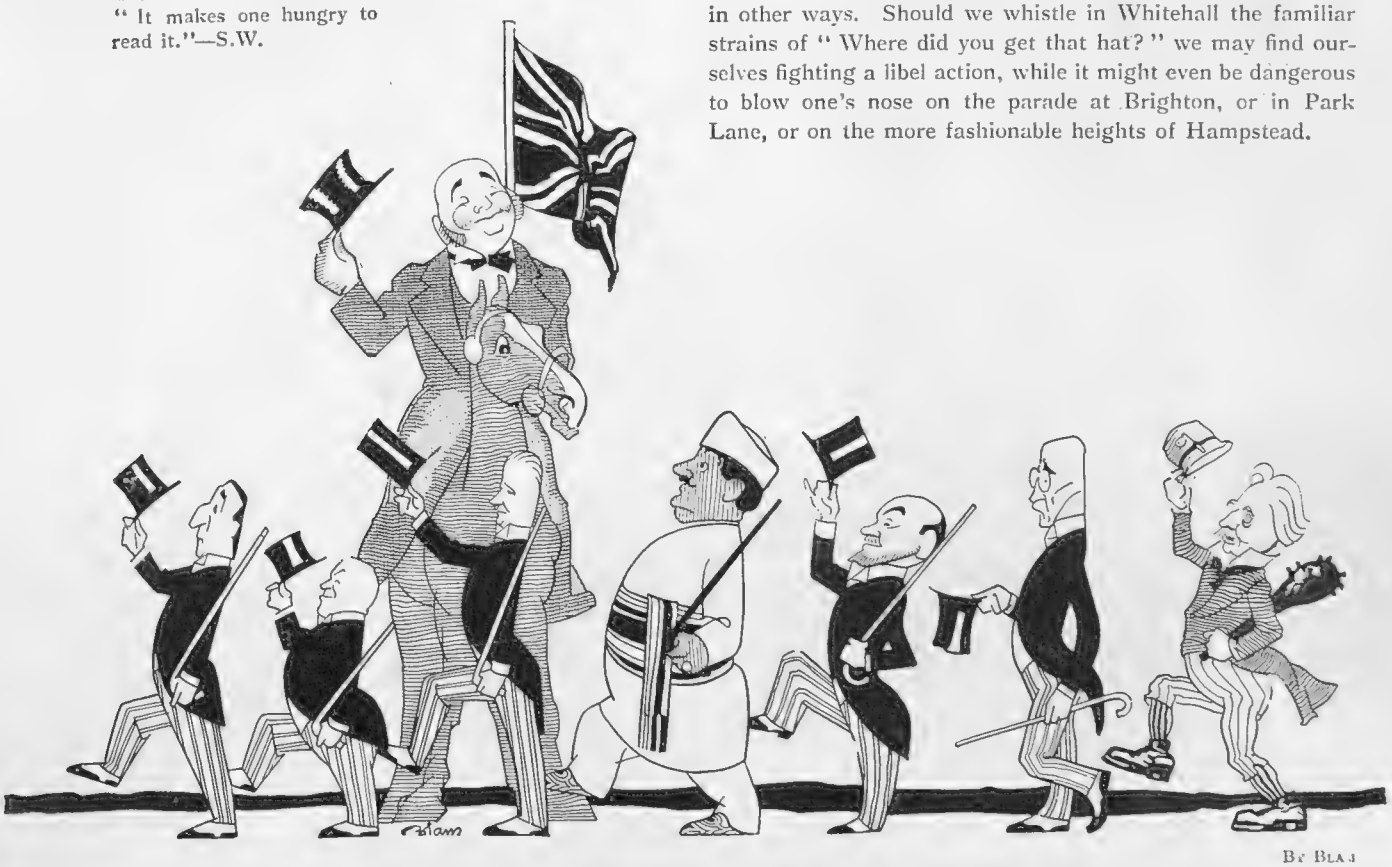
I AM not trying to be humorous at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wrench. I think they have had the courage to exploit a very happy idea, and if I don't buy a car I shall certainly read the book. I am wondering, too, if the authoress will reciprocate to the extent of making her hero drop into a certain establishment in the Euston Road in order to purchase a shop-soiled guaranteed car on easy deferred terms. I think she should, and if she adopts my suggestion in her second edition she may succeed in selling a car for her husband, as her husband has certainly sold a book for her.

One-act Plays

I AM always a little chary of encroaching on the preserves of my friend "Jingle" by dealing with things theatrical, but when my morning paper discovers that there is hope for the one-act play because a gentleman in Liverpool intends to revive the "curtain-raiser" I feel compelled to point out that the "one-acter" has never had a greater chance than now. Every revue that is produced includes half a dozen one-act plays, and quite a lot of these are written by young authors entirely new to the game. The old-fashioned curtain-raiser died the death because it was a rather dull and conventional thing, but the modern revue sketch is full of snap and proves—pessimists notwithstanding—that England is still the nursery of the dramatist's art.

Whistling in Whit

PROCEEDINGS taken against a number of miners who expressed their dissatisfaction with the aid of a jazz band raise an interesting point. Formerly, it was dangerous to criticise our opponents in actual words, but apparently we shall have to be careful how we give vent to our feelings in other ways. Should we whistle in Whitehall the familiar strains of "Where did you get that hat?" we may find ourselves fighting a libel action, while it might even be dangerous to blow one's nose on the parade at Brighton, or in Park Lane, or on the more fashionable heights of Hampstead.



By Blam

MR. BULL REVIEWS "THE BOYS OF THE *YOUNG* BRIGADE!"

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY.

Sandringham

THE King and Queen immediately after their arrival at Sandringham began the private hospitality from which the smallness of York Cottage debarred them. Their first guests were the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, and the Hon. Richard Molyneux, Lord Sefton's brother. Then came Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, who were followed by the Duke and Duchess of York.

Other visitors have been the Queen's brother and sister-in-law, the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge; Major Frederick and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh; the Rev. Dr. Alwyn Williams; the Marquess Camden's heir, the Earl of Brecknock, and his Countess; and the Duke of Devonshire's second son, Lord Charles Cavendish.

White Lodge

THE much-debated question as to the future of White Lodge, in Richmond Park, which the King gave to the Duke and Duchess of York on their marriage, has been settled by His Majesty's gift of the house to Viscount Lee of Fareham for his lifetime.

White Lodge was built by Queen Caroline, the clever wife of George II, to whom we owe the Serpentine in Hyde Park and the lake in St. James's Park. Both were made under her direction. And here is a two-hundred-year-old point of history for you, my gentles.

When Queen Caroline became Queen-Consort, after being literally turned out of her father-in-law's, George I, Court, there was a swamp in Hyde Park and a long, narrow canal in St. James's Park. The latter was made in the time of Charles II, after the fashion of Versailles, and it was there that the very wise and wholly immoral husband of Catharine of Braganza and the lover of the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth and Nell Gwynne used to feed the ducks and waterfowl after his games of pêle-mêle in a long alley bordered by mulberry trees near by. Pêle-mêle was a sort of hockey. It has left its name for so long as London exists in Pall Mall and the Mall.

Turn up your *Evelyn's Diary* and you will see that Charles II—"Old Rowley"—never forgot the ducks and waterfowl on the straight stretch of water in St. James's Park, which was then the garden and Royal grounds of the Palace of Whitehall.

Queen Caroline had a passion for bricks and mortar and for garden design. She built White Lodge as a hunting-box for her husband and herself. Finding that the swamp in Hyde Park was caused by the meandering finish of several springs, she turned the swamp into a lake—the Serpentine—and then discovering that the meanderings of the springs, once they had filled the Serpentine, threatened flood and havoc to Knightsbridge and what was then called the Kensington Road, she had an underground conduit made to take the overflow from the Serpentine into the old canal in St. James's Park, which she made into the present ornamental water.

Old-fashioned folk tell you that whenever we have a fog it is thickest at Hyde Park Corner, because that is where Queen Caroline's conduit runs underneath the roadway from the Serpentine to St. James's Park.

AT NEWMARKET *Alfieri*

Lady Beaumont and the Hon. Ivy Stapleton photographed in the paddock at the recent Newmarket meeting. A large crowd was present to watch the Cambridgeshire

A RACING OCCASION *Alfieri*

Lord Stanley and Lord D'Abernon at the recent Newmarket meeting. The result of the Cambridgeshire proved disappointing to most people—bookies always excepted!

White Lodge and the Throne

WHITE LODGE has a connection with the Throne and our Reigning House which no other of the many houses in the King's gift possesses. It was given by Queen Victoria to the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Queen Mary's parents, who lived there for many years. The Queen spent her girlhood there, and she came from White Lodge for her marriage to the King at St. James's Palace. The Prince of Wales was born at White Lodge.

After the death of the Duchess of Teck the Duke lived there until he died. Then the house, after standing empty for some time, was given to Viscount Farquhar, who upon the Duke of York's marriage not only gave it up to the Royal couple, but

BEFORE THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE *News Illus.*

Mr. Whyatt, Miss Longsdon, and the Earl of Sefton photographed at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales. These were held on the morning of the Cambridgeshire

left a considerable amount of valuable furniture *in situ*.

In former days Royal personages could live outside London and yet fulfil all their public engagements in Town, although they had only horses and carriages. Now, unless they live in London, their engagements are so multiplied that they cannot cope with them, even with swift motors, except by a perpetual and most fatiguing dashing to and fro. This is the reason why the Duke and Duchess of York have given up White Lodge. Three and four journeys to and fro every day, and each journey meaning a change of clothes, complicate a position full of labours. This explains why the Duke and Duchess have taken the house in Piccadilly, and why White Lodge has come again into the King's gift.

A Princely Gift

You will remember that Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham gave Chequers, their beautiful place in Buckinghamshire, as a country residence in perpetuity for our Prime Ministers. I hear that when they go to White Lodge next April they will give up their house in Kensington Palace Gardens, and that White Lodge will be their permanent home.

Uncle and Niece

The announcement of the death of the Dowager Duchess d'Aosta brings a buzz of memories to your Bystander's mind of happenings that led people to declare the end of the world was in sight, and yet made no farthing difference to anything. However, it was an unusual situation.

The Duke d'Aosta, uncle of King Victor Emanuel of Italy, and brother of King Humbert, made first a non-Royal marriage with a Princess della Cisterna, the heiress of her uncle, the Cardinal della Cisterna. The Cardinal was worldly wise as well as being a Prince of the Church.

Half a century ago, when Rome became the capital of United Italy, the Cardinal della Cisterna, with a prescience not shared by his fellows in the Sacred College, realised that Rome as the capital of Italy must expand. He therefore bought up land on all sides of the city where the inevitable building of new houses must take place; and because of this buying up of land he left his niece, the Princess della Cisterna, immensely rich. And she married the second son of the first King of United Italy.

I always think there must have been a sardonic chuckling amongst the Fates when the millions amassed by a cardinal passed

AN EVENTFUL DAY *News Illus.*

Lady Bullough and Miss Bullough photographed at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales. The Cambridgeshire, which took place on the same day, was a race of none too pleasant surprises for the backer

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON *Sport and General*

The field photographed at the opening meet of the Oxford University Drag Hounds at Woodstock. The Master, the Hon. W. W. Astor, is seen in the centre of the group

AT THE RACES *Topical*

The Hon. Archibald Cubitt and his fiancée, Lady Irene Pratt, photographed at a recent race meeting. Their wedding will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, next Tuesday, November 9

into the coffers of a member of the House of Savoy, a house the Vatican and the Cardinals regarded as "despoilers of the Church."

Nine years after the marriage the Duchess died, leaving three sons, the present Duke d'Aosta (who is heir to the Italian Throne after the Prince of Piedmont), the Count of Turin, and the Duke of the Abruzzi. For twelve years the Duke remained a widower, and then, to everybody's astonishment and a great many people's horror, married his niece, the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, the daughter of his sister, Princess Clotilde, the wife of Napoleon III's cousin, Prince Napoleon, a gentleman with an unenviable reputation and who was known as "Plon-Plon."

Poole, Waterford

ON HONEYMOON

Mr. David Dawnay photographed with his bride, Lady Katherine Dawnay, at Curraghmore, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride, who is his first cousin, is a sister of the Marquess of Waterford

Princess Letitia was exactly half her husband's age. There was one child of the marriage, a son, the present Count di Salemi, to whom the late Duchess stood in the unusual relationship of cousin as well as mother.

The Duke d'Aosta died two years after the marriage, and ever since—that is thirty-six years—his widow-niece has lived at Turin practically in retirement.

AT THE RECEPTION *Lafayette*

Captain Guy Dury, M.C., photographed with his bride, Miss Nancy Railton, after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Windsor. The bridegroom is in the Grenadier Guards

The Bramham Moor Hunt

FOR a good many years Viscount Lascelles has been the Master of the Bramham Moor Hunt, but public duties are now falling so thickly upon Princess Mary and himself that he has been obliged to seek his younger brother's services as Joint-Master. Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles lives at Wetherby, in the Bramham Moor country, and it is expected that this season most of the work of the Mastership will fall upon him.

Mrs. Lascelles is a daughter of Lady Frances Balfour and the late Mr. Eustace Balfour, and therefore a niece of Lord Balfour, to whom her husband has been private secretary.

A Record Stag

NOW that the season on the moors and forests in Scotland is practically over, people are beginning to compare notes of "bags" and "kills." The stag record this year lies with Mr. Martineau for a "royal" weighing no less than twenty-three stone. This was shot at Novar, in Ross-shire, which Mr. Martineau rents from Lord Novar.

It is four years ago, I think, that the season's record stag fell to the King's gun at Balmoral. That weighed twenty-one stone. So far the thirty-three stone record stag of the season thirty-nine years ago has not been reached. That was shot at Glenmore, in Inverness-shire, by the then Lord Greville.

London and Good Music

THE suggestion that the Queen's Hall may have to be let as a cinema house because it doesn't pay as a concert hall has roused much agitation amongst music-lovers. It is the only hall in the West End in which the type of music with which its name has been associated for years can be given, since the Albert Hall is too vast except for some outstanding musical personality or event, and all the other concert halls are too small. "So," cry the music-lovers, "if the Queen's Hall departs into cinema-land, where shall we hear Sir Henry Wood's orchestra? Where shall we hear the old and the new masterpieces? London will be starved of its best music."

G. V. Bright

A HUNTING WEDDING

Major G. H. Anson, Joint-Master of the South Staffordshire, leaving Dethurst Parish Church with his bride, Mrs. Albright. A guard of honour was furnished by the South Staffordshire Yeomanry

The reason given for this sad state of things is the broadcasting of the B.B.C. concerts from the Albert Hall, but with this opinion Sir Landon Ronald entirely disagrees, declaring that for years past ninety per cent. of the concerts given in London have been financial failures.

Sir Landon's opinion is borne out, so far as the Queen's Hall is concerned, by the fact that the present situation is a repetition of history. Some time before the War the Queen's Hall was perilously near utter failure. Then Sir Edgar Speyer stepped in and saved the situation. When he, together with his wife and younger children,

(*Continued on page 370*)

Four Brides-to-Be

MISS ETHEL PRYKE *Hay Wrightson*

The daughter of the Lord Mayor and the late Lady Pryke. Her marriage to Mr. Cyril Turner takes place at St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday November 6

MISS LOUISE SANDEMAN *Bertram Park*

Whose marriage to Captain Kingiake Town, M.C., takes place this month. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Sandeman

LADY BARBARA BINGHAM *Bassano*

Whose engagement to Mr. John Henry Bevan, youngest son of Mr. D. A. and the Hon. Dame Maud Bevan, has been announced. She is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lucan

MISS JOYCE CHIESMAN *Hay Wrightson*

Whose marriage to Lieut. T. M. Brownrigg, R.N., only surviving son of the late Colonel H. J. Brownrigg, will take place in December. She is a twin daughter of Mrs. Stanley Duttson

was denaturalised five years ago because of his too-active sympathy with Germany—his original native country—during the War, his interests were taken over by Messrs. Chappell, the music publishers in Bond Street.

However, the position is an interesting commentary on the actual situation in London of what is called good music. We are always being told that we are a music-loving nation, yet in our capital city we can only have a brief season of grand opera—and that because it is more a social than a musical matter—and we cannot support a concert hall devoted to the higher forms of music. Odd, isn't it?

An Appeal to Women

THE Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital was founded by that great woman doctor; its work is wholly for women and children, and it is staffed in every department by women only. The hospital, unlike so many others, has no debt, but additional wards for women, a children's ward, new operating theatres, and an enlarged out-patients' department are urgently needed. Forty thousand pounds still remain to be gathered in of the £75,000 cost of these extensions. On November 28 collections will be made in all the churches for the hospital, and on November 30 and December 1 and 2 there will be a Christmas Market, which Princess Arthur of Connaught will open on the first day, and the Marchioness of Reading on the second, for the benefit of the extension fund. The hospital has ministered for forty-nine years to women and children, and it therefore appeals especially to women more fortunately placed than its ever-increasing number of patients.

"GONE TO EARTH" *Topical*

The Duke of Northumberland, who is Joint-Master of the Percy Foxhounds, and Sam Morgan, the Huntsman, on the edge of Denville Old Quarry, on a recent cubbing day. The cub went to earth in the quarry

Wanted a "Patron"

IN the eighteenth century authors of topographical works, translations of the classics, and a whole variety of other et-ceteras, relied more upon the generosity of a "patron" than upon payments by their publishers. It was the fashion, too, for dilettante noblemen to play the part of "patron." A fat purse of guineas to the author not only enabled him to write the book, but it set the "patron's" name in all the glamour of print as a supporter of literature in the author's invariably fulsome dedication.

Even the great Dr. Johnson did not disdain the custom of seeking a "patron." You will remember the well-known picture of him sitting, large and uncouth, in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room at Chesterfield House, a room which is now one of Princess Mary's drawing-rooms.

Sport and General

"AS NOW WORN"

Miss S. Kerrison, with "Ali Baba" and "Giafar," who are displaying the latest developments in canine fashions, photographed at the Saluki Club's Autumn meeting at Burford. Miss Kerrison's hounds divided the Shipton Stakes

Judging from a recent advertisement, the gentleman who inserted it has bethought him of the eighteenth-century custom. Here it is:—

> "Author of historic name will inscribe new work (classic edition) to patron for £1000."

The advertiser is clearly an optimist. What Mæcenas to-day would consider he got his money's worth for £1000 from the dedication of any book? In the eighteenth century he would have been considered a "patron of the arts." Nowadays, who cares a penny-farthing about a dedication? There are far too many books for any dedication to have any value at all.

THE YOUNG IDEA AT THE MEET

Some small but keen followers at the Blean Beagles inspect the pack at a recent meet at Lorenden, Faversham. On the left of the group are Diana, Monica and Mary Flynn, and Billy Dawes, nephew of the Master, Miss Betty Dawes

News Illus

LADY RIPLEY (left), MRS. PARKE, MAJOR and MRS. TITHERINGTON WITH "WINCOMBE JERRY," MRS. J. HASTINGS and MAJOR T. C. LUCAS WITH "HAWKESBURY JACK"

"DOG DAYS" IN DORSET

Some of the competitors and spectators at the Dorset Retriever Trials. These were held recently at Crichel, near Wimborne

A Princess's Religion

WHEN the Crown Prince of Belgium, the Duke de Brabant, became engaged a little time ago to Princess Astrid of Sweden it was stated that the Princess would leave the Lutheran faith for that of her future husband, the Church of Rome. It has now been said, and with Swedish ecclesiastical authority, that no decision has yet been made. Whereupon somebody has rushed into print, saying that a Protestant marriage service is regarded as no marriage at all by Roman Catholics, the suggestion, of course, being that after the civil marriage required by Belgian law the young couple will go through a Protestant religious service.

This is all wrong. Formerly, when Protestants and Roman Catholics married there was a service in two churches, and the sons of the marriage were brought up in the religion of the father and the daughters in that of the mother. Pope Leo XIII abolished this rule, and now there is only the Roman Catholic service, and all the children of the marriage must be brought up in that form of faith. Whether Princess Astrid is Lutheran or Roman Catholic at the time of her marriage, the religious service will be according to the Roman Catholic rite.

Alfieri

LADY MAINWARING and MR. GARTON

Alfieri

MR. W. RAY, CAPTAIN PITT RIVERS and THE HON. MRS. BARRINGTON

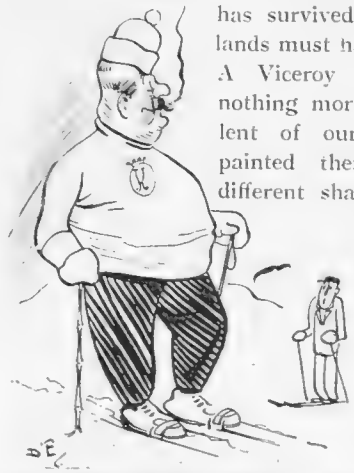
THE PHILOSOPHY OF BADGES

By ARNOLD LUNN

Illustrations by D'EGVILLE

"The passing of this Test is awarded by a small medal to be worn conspicuously. This insignia helps to create that class consciousness which is the great incentive to the enthusiastic study of ski-craft."—*Canadian Ski Annual*

A SMALL medal to be worn conspicuously." Good! I take off my hat to honesty, as rare as it is refreshing in these delicate matters. Most people enjoy wearing badges, but few would dare to emulate the disarming candour of the Canadian Ski Annual.



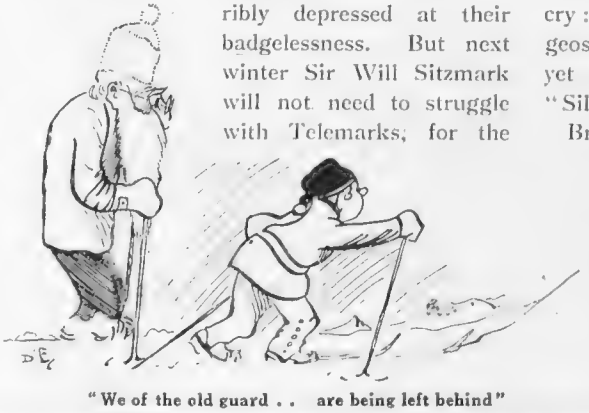
"The undiscerning will mistake his new badge"

When the British Tests were inaugurated a friend of mine who had been awarded the gold badge declined to wear it. He was proud of it, but he considered that the public display of a badge on his ski-ing kit was bad taste, swank, and so forth. He failed to realise that his attitude was dictated neither by modesty nor by good taste, but by self consciousness. He would not have condemned a K.G. who wore the insignia of the Garter, or a Rowing Blue who wore a Leander scarf. But these are both badges in effect. They both help, in the eloquent words quoted above, "to create class consciousness." If it is swank to wear a ski-ing badge, it is still more swank to wear a badge which marks you out as more distinguished than your fellows. Of course, my friend did not object to wearing badges *per se*, but he was very anxious not to wears his badge until somebody else had set the lead.

And fortunately for British ski-ing the Test Badges soon established themselves. Had the experts disdained them, the rank and file would have sheepishly followed suit, and would have waited for the sanction of custom or fashion before indulging their innocent taste for display. But once the cracks had set the lead, the badgeless worked with furious zeal to earn their badges.

The philosopher may deplore, but the practical politician will always exploit this genial human weakness. In politics he will seek to win support for his party by a judicious distribution of titles and orders. If he wishes to encourage ski-ing or skating he will invent an insignia "to be worn conspicuously"! An instinct which has survived so long and in so many lands must have some good social value. A Viceroy in Court Dress may be nothing more than the modern equivalent of our primitive forbears who painted themselves with woad, the different shades of which—no doubt—expressed with nice precision their social status in the tribe, but all these things, orders, decorations, and ski-ing badges, give a touch of picturesqueness to modern life. The Swiss, so far as I know, are unique in their refusal to institute orders and decorations of their own, or to permit their own officers and officials to accept foreign decorations. But human nature will out, and the young mountaineers of Berne or Zurich are as keen to put up an A.A.C.B. or A.A.C.Z. badge as an Oxford undergraduate is to win his Blue.

Sir William Bull has, I see, at last succeeded in obtaining a very handsome badge for Knights. This is all to the good. Knights have been known to fail for their Ski-ing tests and to feel horribly depressed at their badgelessness. But next winter Sir Will Sitzmark will not need to struggle with Telemarks, for the undiscerning will mistake his new badge for something which can only connote super Norwegian skill.



"We of the old guard . . are being left behind"

"The badgeless worked with furious zeal"

Those who found Ski Clubs, and one or two are born every winter, will do well to pay particular attention to the selection of an attractive badge. This is a far more important matter than all the other putative objects mentioned in the rules. The Ladies' Ski Club survived a rather critical phase in its history simply because it possesses the prettiest of all ski-ing badges. The Club simply had to continue in existence in order that its members might wear the badge To-day the L.S.C. is a flourishing and energetic concern—saved by its badge.

"The prettiest of ski-ing badges"

The Canadian Ski Annual is right. These insignia do help to create that "class consciousness which is the greatest incentive to the enthusiastic study of ski craft." The Bolshy must not be allowed to monopolise "class consciousness," even if his red tie is a great incentive to the enthusiastic study of graft. Let the bronze badge holders display a little more solidarity. Let them raise the proud cry: "Down with the Ski-ing bourgeosie." The snows of Mürren may yet be ensanguined with the blood of "Silver K's."

British ski-ing has improved too rapidly. We of the old guard who were mighty men in our day are being left behind. We could do with a little of that ca'canny spirit which has made British Industry what it is. It is high time that the output of Open Christianias was severely restricted.

"Sorry You've Been T-r-roubled!"

BY E. T. REED

TERRESTRIAL SCIENTIST "'Mars speaking? Really? Most interesting! Now tell me, are you Human Beings up there, like ourselves?"

THE MARTIAN: "My dear sir! All the lower forms of Life like that disappeared from our planet millions of years ago. The 'Martian Encyclopædia' classes you with the earlier locomotory Protozoans"

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

"THERE WAS A SOUND OF REVELRY BY NIGHT"

A favourite way of ending a day of Winter Sport—or rather of starting the next. Our artist has illustrated a lively moment at the Regina Hotel, Adelboden

Prospects of the Winter Sports Season

By H. CHALLINOR JAMES

"THE SUN IS OVER THE YARD-ARM"

A cheery party take a mid-morning rest in the sunshine at Engelberg

ONE UP!

Mr. Howard Nicholson, the famous skater, making a spectacular jump at St. Moritz

LIKE influenza, and all the kindred diseases to which we moderns are heir, "Alpinitis" is a painful malady. It generally attacks one just at the beginning of winter, when the skies are dull, and spirits much the same. But, unlike the ills previously mentioned, it can be rapidly cured. One has only to step across to Cook's, Lunn's or Pickford's and book a passage to the Swiss snows and the evil disappears as if by magic.

But booking a passage to Switzerland is the least onerous part of the business. What intrigues the average person most is to know *where* to go, *when* to go, and *why*. The object of this article, therefore, is to supply the neo-sportsman and sportswoman with a few details about the coming Season which may help them in arriving at a decision before starting out on the Great Adventure.

S

NOW if you belong to that social strata which is known in France as "*très* snob," you will, of course, make a bee-line for St. Moritz. There is nothing St. Moritz does not offer, from mannequin parades to 'plane-skijöring. But let nobody run away with the idea that St. Moritz is just a show place for fashion. The Cresta is there to refute such a libel. And where in the world does one see so many crowded skating and curling rinks lumped together? Of course, the "Big Five," as the Grand, Kulm, Suvretta, Palace, and Carlton are known, set a fast pace in the matter of indoor gaiety, but nobody objects to a little innocent fun once the serious business of sport has been successfully accomplished. The Season proper at St. Moritz opens with an ice hockey match on December 12 between Davos and a local team.

The first real thrill, however, is reserved for the early weeks of January, when the redoubtable "London Lions" and the English Varsity teams will meet the best German and Swiss teams

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

A morning on the ice-rink at Kandersteg

FULL SPEED AHEAD

A skijöring race, one of the most exciting forms of racing, at Gstaad

"EN VOITURE!"

A ski-ing party boards the mountain train at Caux, above Montreux

It is hoped to have the Cresta available for practice from Stream Corner on December 20. The Curlers will make their typically unobtrusive appearance in the lists on January 7, when they will "soop," hoop and whoop for the Suvretta Cup. Their next vocal effort will be for the Martin Cup on the Grand Hotel Rink on January 11, after which they will repeat the performance for the Gossage Trophy at the Kulm on January 17. The Carlton Cup will be run for

BY THE LAKESIDE

The Grand Hotel at Territet, famous as a "jumping-off place" for Winter Sports

on the Cresta towards the end of January, two other important events being the Lady Ribblesdale Cup and the Curzon Cup. The famous horse races on the frozen lake will take place on January 30, February 3 and 6, about which time a lawn tennis tourna-

A FINE JUMP

A ski-jumper at St. Croix Les Rasses

ment on the Palace covered courts will be held. The Bobsleigh Derby and the Cresta Grand National are fixed for the latter part of February.

FURTHER along the valley Sils Maria beckons imperiously. It is a "select" kind of place, and in the adjoining Fex Valley one can get some of the best ski-ing in the Engadine. For the convenience of skaters the Waldhaus is going to erect a pukka grill room on the ice rink, where hot meals can be enjoyed without skaters having to interrupt their sport by returning to the hotels. Conducted ski parties will leave daily for the Fex Valley during the season.

Maloja likewise prides itself on its ski-ing, and there are some wonderful tours in the neighbourhod. The Palace at Maloja is one of the biggest hotels in the Alps, and in winter it forms a gay little world of its own.

Pontresina is a place likely to please almost anyone. It has good ski-ing nearby, innumerable ice rinks, and makes a great feature of "legitimate" entertainment indoors.

Samaden specialises in the training of

THE LAND OF SNOW

A picturesque corner of Beatenberg, a sports centre above Lake Thoune

skiers, and has some exciting bob races on the wonderful Preda-Bergun run. Lenzerheide, also, is a fine centre for ski-ing, and several big jumping meetings will be held in January and February.

Oxford meets Berlin at Davos on Christmas Day, and during the following weeks this famous resort will stage skating competitions, ski jumping, and toboggan races.

Klosters has a long list of snow events between December 1 and the end of February, amongst the most interesting being the famous ski tours in the Silvretta region.

Arosa is considered by many as one of the most picturesque stations in the Alps. Ski-ing, skating and bobbing are its chief attractions.

THE chief resort on Lake Lucerne is Engelberg, a delightful spot reached by means of the railway from Stans. It is an essentially British type of place, and as such can be highly recommended. Given favourable weather, it is hoped that the new overhead line, which will take skiers from the Gerschnialp funicular to Trubsee (6000 feet), will be completed by January 15. Thus the glorious slopes of the Titlis and Joch Pass will be brought almost, as it were, to the very doors of the Engelberg hotels.

Andermatt has a *cachet* all its own. Nothing in the Alps is quite like it, and certainly few places are so happily situated as regards constancy of snow. Cambridge are booked to play a representative Swiss hockey team about the end of December.

On the Lake of Thoune Beatenberg commands the best position and the

FAST WORK

A skijörer "going all out" at Château d'Oex

most sun. From the panoramic point of view its situation is ideal, while the four-mile toboggan run down to the lakeside is unique in its way.

On the opposite shore the railway leads to Kandersteg and Adelboden, both of which provide the entire gamut

SUNSHINE AND SLEIGH BELLS

Sleighs waiting for a party of visitors at Andermatt

of winter sports. The Carill Worsley Curling Cup will be played for at the latter resort on January 21.

IF you want to go to Mürren this Season no time should be lost in booking accommodation, as there will be very few rooms left after December 25. The inter-Varsity hockey matches will again be a feature of the season. The spectacular "Roberts of Kandahar" ski race is the most important event of the New Year.

Wengen likewise has a long list of

(Continued on page 408)

A Quick Lunch

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An enthusiastic skier and his family solve the problem of transporting the provisions for a day's outing

Exercises for the Ski-runner

By D'EGVILLE

Exercise I.—*This exercise is for strengthening the thighs, so much used in travelling over difficult ground, taking bumps and lifting the skis when climbing. Move from the first position* (left) *to the second position* (right) *without raising the level of the head. Repeat until muscles begin to tire*

Exercise II, 1st *position* (above).—*To strengthen the muscles of the flank, shoulders and abdomen Place the sticks on the ground as in this position and push up—*

Exercise II, 2nd *position* (above) — *to this position, keeping the arms straight all the time. Repeat till just tired. The muscles strengthened are used in "punting" along the level, etc.*

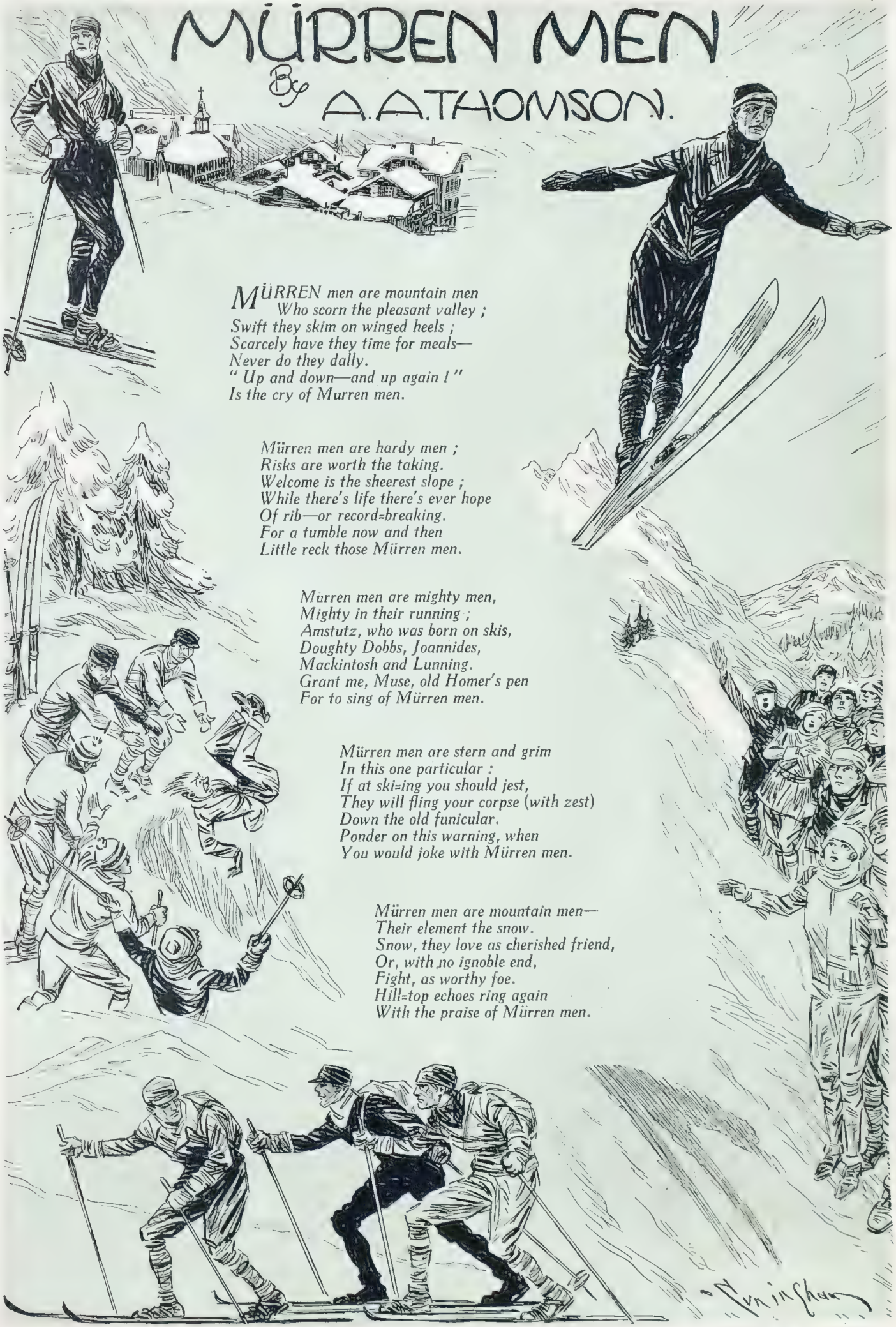
Exercise III, 1st *position* (right) —*This strengthens the whole leg and the muscles for raising the body. Sink to this position, holding the sticks firmly, then—*

Exercise III, 2nd *position* (left) — *jump off the ground as high as possible, pushing down with the sticks. The muscles benefited are those upon which ski-ing puts most strain*

Exercise IV.—*This is another exercise for the muscles of the arms, chest and abdomen used in climbing, "punting" and preventing a backward slide From position* 1 (left) *push up with bent arms to position* 2 (right) *and back. All these exercises should be repeated till one is just tired. It is suggested that these exercises be tried at home before one goes to the Winter Sports*

MÜRREN MEN

By A. A. THOMSON.



MÜRREN men are mountain men
Who scorn the pleasant valley ;
Swift they skim on winged heels ;
Scarcely have they time for meals—
Never do they dally.
" Up and down—and up again ! "
Is the cry of Murren men.

Mürren men are hardy men ;
Risks are worth the taking.
Welcome is the sheerest slope ;
While there's life there's ever hope
Of rib—or record-breaking.
For a tumble now and then
Little reck those Mürren men.

Mürren men are mighty men,
Mighty in their running ;
Amstutz, who was born on skis,
Doughty Dobbs, Joannides,
Mackintosh and Lunning.
Grant me, Muse, old Homer's pen
For to sing of Mürren men.

Mürren men are stern and grim
In this one particular :
If at ski-ing you should jest,
They will fling your corpse (with zest)
Down the old funicular.
Ponder on this warning, when
You would joke with Mürren men.

Mürren men are mountain men—
Their element the snow.
Snow, they love as cherished friend,
Or, with no ignoble end,
Fight, as worthy foe.
Hill-top echoes ring again
With the praise of Mürren men.

SKETCHES BY CUNINGHAM

Sunshine and Shadow

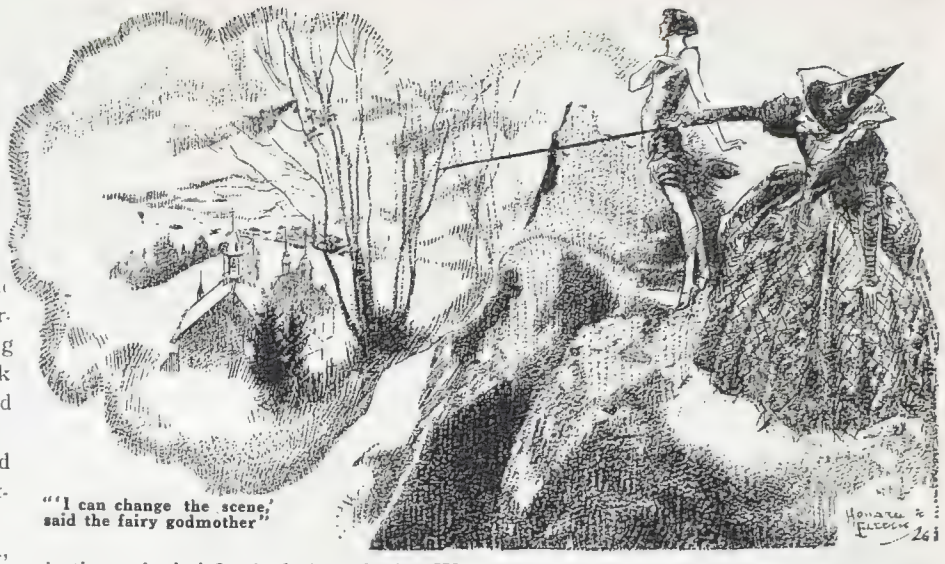
Horace W. Nicholls

A study of skiers at the summit of the ski run on the Col de Voza, overlooking the beautiful valley of Chamonix

Cinderella of the Snows

By T. A ALEXANDER

Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK



"'I can change the scene,' said the fairy godmother"

THE wind was howling in the kitchen chimney and Cinderella sat by the fire, feeling very unhappy. When the cuckoo-clock struck eight her fairy godmother popped out of the chimney as large as life.

"Pull yourself together, child," said the fairy godmother severely. "Whatever is the matter?"

"It's raining," sighed Cinderella, "and my sisters have gone to a cabaret show, and nobody loves me, and silk stockings *will* ladder."

"Come, come," urged the F.G., "we'll soon put that right. I'm going to take you somewhere."

"Fairyland?" asked Cinderella, not very interested.

"A sort of fairyland. Winter-sports-land, to be exact."

"Winter sports?" queried Cinderella.

"Yes, you are going to see real sunshine—you have never seen it before. You are going to see real snow—you have never seen it before. You are going to ski, and skate, and bob, and luge, and tail, and dance, and experience real joy, which—well, as I said, you've never known real joy before."

"And how are you going to do this?" asked Cinderella.

"By magic."

"If you're going to trot out a few old conjuring tricks with a pumpkin," began Cinderella sulkily, "I'll ——"

"One moment. Yes, the pumpkin is there, isn't it? And the mice? (We shall want them later.) Now are you ready?"

She tapped the pumpkin with her wand. Instantly it turned not into a state-coach, but into a mountain. And the scene changed to a land of sunshine and blue skies and dazzling snow, and gaiety, and colour, and laughter, and radiant spirit.

"I say!" murmured Cinderella.

"I can change the scene," said the fairy godmother, waving her wand again, "but the colour and the high spirits will still be there. Here's St. Moritz, with the Cresta and the snow-covered lake. Presto, change! Here's Maloja, a new place, but jolly, where you can luge down on to the Italian frontier. And here's Grindelwald, where everything's merry and bright, and here's Mürren, where they lead the strenuous life, and here's Wengen, which is betwixt and between. Fly down to Interlaken—where the lake-trout swim through the hotel windows for breakfast—and up again to Gstaad and Château d'Oex. Presto, again! We're in France now, in the lovely Chamonix valley or at Mont Revard on its sunny shelf, or at Mont d'Arbois, peeping down over Mégève. Or, if you like, by way of lakeside Montreux, a jolly jumping-off point, we can——"

"But how are we to do all this?" demanded Cinderella.

"Wait. Where are those mice? I told you I should want them."

She touched the mice with her wand, and immediately they turned into a band of dancing elves.

"You see," she said, "these are my carriers. You'll notice they have wings If you touch them you will be able to fly, too. Jolly, aren't they?" Cinderella gazed at the elves in astonishment. They were the cunningest little fellows. Some were dressed in the quaintest little porters' uniforms, with Southern Railway, C.F. du Nord, Swiss Federal, and P.L.M. embroidered on their caps. Some seemed to have the habit of hopping round in circles. These were the mountain railway gnomes, and their caps were marked B.O.B., M.O.B., and Rhatische Bahn. And there were some curious little sprites—spruce and friendly and wonderfully efficient-looking. These (the godmother said) were hotel managers and their magical powers were extraordinary

"Amazing!" gasped Cinderella, "I should like very much to . . . but, of course, I've nothing to wear."

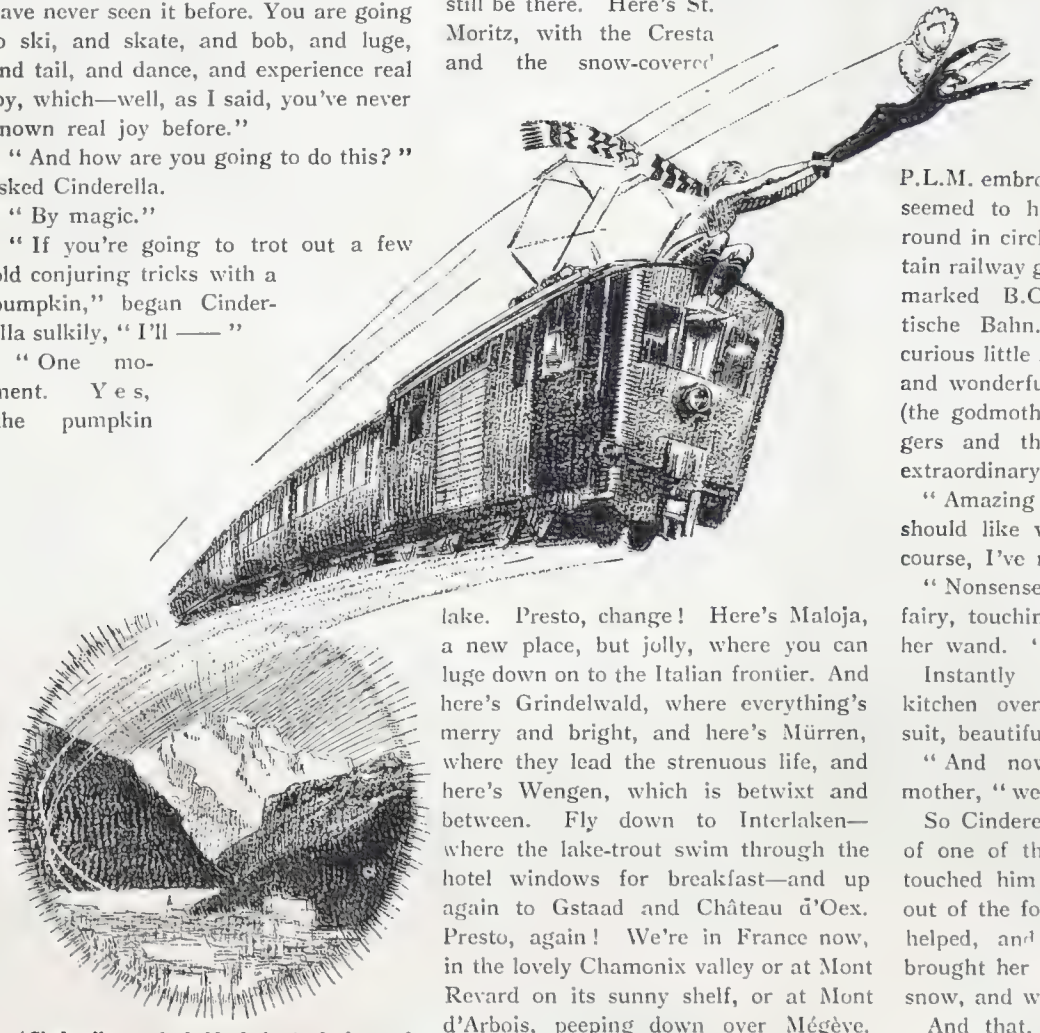
"Nonsense, child," rapped out the fairy, touching Cinderella's sleeve with her wand. "How about this?"

Instantly Cinderella's shabby old kitchen overall changed to a ski-ing suit, beautifully cut and very attractive.

"And now," said the fairy godmother, "we'd better be starting."

So Cinderella caught hold of the heel of one of the flying elves, and as she touched him he flew off with her; off out of the fog and grime. All the elves helped, and by and by the last one brought her to a land of sunshine, and snow, and winelike air.

And that, best beloved, is the story of how Cinderella lost her sulks.



"Cinderella caught hold of the heel of one of the flying elves"

Produced September 20, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS diverting play is described on the programme as "A Fantasy of Farce and Fear." It is quite all that. The little thrills that seem so full of grave portent all end in merry laughter; and nobody is any the worse for the evening's adventure. The play is a personal triumph for Mr. Horace Hodges and his young companion, Master Billy Speechley, who is a very promising lad. The two manage to keep up the illusion of frightfulness most adroitly. Every now and again one or the other of them starts violently, or gives a cry of alarm and scares his partner quite needlessly, always conveying the impression that something awful has either just happened or is just about to happen when it hasn't or isn't.

MR. ANTHONY PRATT is the elderly middle-class occupier of a London flat. His servants are out for the evening, and his daughter is at the theatre with her sweetheart. He is left alone to settle down by the fireside for a quiet time with his books . . . Hark! What was that? Being alone, he naturally feels a little jumpy. Besides, the next flat is temporarily unoccupied, its owner being away in Africa shooting lions and other freaks of nature. But the noise that startled Mr. Pratt was, after all, nothing more than a tipsy roysterer singing himself home, and so Mr. Pratt returns to his book and—there! Did you hear that? Tut! It was only the newsboy in the street below selling his extry speshuls, as Mr. Pratt discovers on going to the balcony to investigate. No! He does not want a paper. Go away, boy!

AH-H-H-H-H-H!! That wasn't fancy. That was a woman's scream. Mr. Pratt rushes to his street door, and at the same moment an attractive girl creeps through the open French window, having shinned up the convenient trellis-work in front of the house, and hides behind one of the heavy window-curtains. Mr. Pratt comes back bringing the voluble newsboy with him for the sake of cheering company, as he is clearly feeling the effect of his noisy solitude very acutely. The newsboy says his name is Bob. He adds, in warning tones, that there are cat-burglars in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Pratt shivers visibly. He does not wish to talk about such things. But Bob, who, as a victim of compulsory education, has naturally learned just enough to be able to devour sensational novelettes, draws on his rather bloodthirsty memories to explain the proceedings of the burglar breed. If they are pursued they turn on you and slash a knife across your throat—and perhaps there is one of them hiding about the place now. Mr. Pratt puts his hands before his eyes to shut out the horrid prospect, and appeals to Bob to talk about something else.

HARK! Did you hear that? There it goes again! Somebody is knocking furiously at the front door—and at that time of night! Mr. Pratt turns to his telephone with the view of ringing up the police; but he can get no reply from the exchange. The wire must have been cut. That shows you! Then Rachel, the girl behind the curtain, darts from her hiding place, and Mr. Pratt and his young friend nearly collapse from fright. But it is all right. All she wants to say is that the person knocking at the front door is a horrid man who has come for her. He makes her do things against her will, all by kindness and the Power of the Eye. The knocking continues, and Rachel gets away while Mr. Pratt opens the door to Mr. Floyd, a gent'eman with a very magnetic eye. He says his daughter has been seen to enter this flat, and he demands that she shall be restored to his loving arms.

MR. PRATT has no sooner got rid of his magnetic visitor than he receives

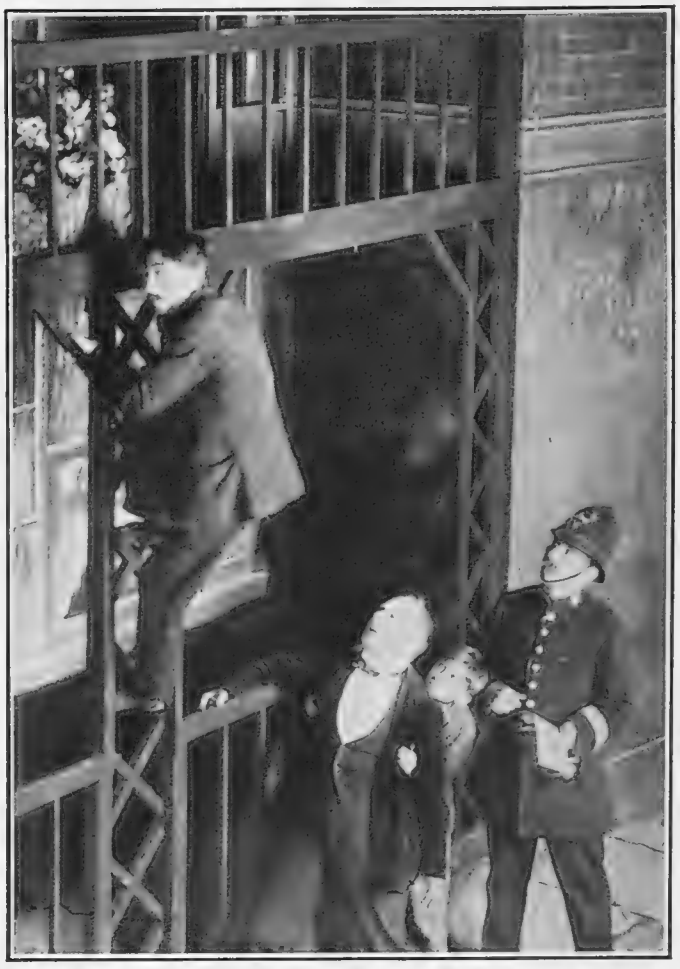
another call. It seems that Mr. Floyd carelessly left the front door open when leaving, and the tipsy reveller above mentioned just as carelessly leaned against it, only to find it entirely unresisting to his pressure. Having been unceremoniously shot into the hall, he fights his way to his uncertain feet, and staggers into Mr. Pratt's room with the announcement that his name is Marmaduke, though even that coruscating distinction would hardly seem to warrant his uninvited intrusion into a private house. He says, in the accents of the artificially elated, that he has come because he loves Mr. Pratt very dearly. But there is obviously something mysterious about this unwanted and entirely misplaced affection. What is it?

S

SOMEBODY is playing the piano in the empty flat next door! It can hardly be playing itself, unless it should happen to be one of those automatic freaks that has come unpinned, as it were. Then there comes a tapping on the wall. Listen! It must be a signal of some kind. In spite of their fears, Mr. Pratt and Bob decide to explore the next flat by way of the verandah, and Marmaduke, yielding to the soothing embrace of the chair in which he is sitting, begins to doze. When he wakes again a few moments later he is surprised to find the magnetic Mr. Floyd standing before him, and he decides that he does not like Mr. Floyd's face. Meanwhile Mr. Pratt and Bob have gained an entrance to the next flat. They find all the furniture covered with dust sheets so that you never know what is going to spring at you from under one of them. Mr. Pratt tears one of the sheets from some hanging object on the wall and gives a yell that curls Bob all up with fright. It is nothing really. He has merely unveiled a stuffed alligator, that looked for the moment as if it were running down the wall in pursuit of a guilty conscience somewhere.

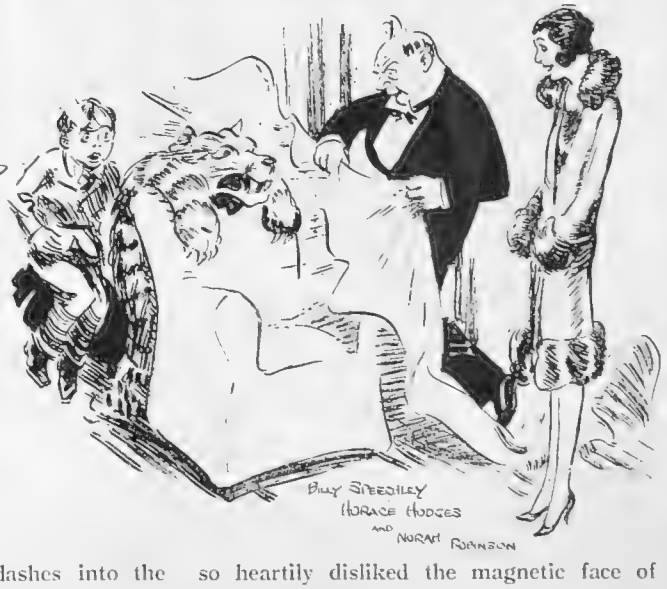
FINDING nothing in the first room of the flat next door, Mr. Pratt and Bob tremblingly drift on to another room. Mr. Pratt presently returns alone; but he has scarcely set foot in the first room again when there is a piercing cry for Help!! A moment later Rachel dashes into the room followed by a burglar with a pistol, and everybody knows how frightfully exciting that sort of thing is. The burglar hides under one of the convenient coverings, Rachel disappears, and Bob comes back to say that somebody caught him by the ear in the dark and he feels very much annoyed about it. Mr. Pratt and Bob are about to climb back into their own flat when Marmaduke appears and begs them to do nothing of the kind. The fact is that he so heartily disliked the magnetic face of Mr. Floyd that he just slew the chap on the expensive hearthrug, there having been no time to spread a protecting dust-sheet or newspaper over the place of carnage. It appears, however, that Mr. Floyd was not killed after all, but only scotched—and in these matters, of course, scotching is the more economical way. The credit of any success the play may achieve belongs unquestionably to Mr. Hodges and Master Billy Speechley.

JINGLE.



THE BALCONY SCENE *Peter North*

Higgins (Gilbert Ritchie) is "caught in the act" by Anthony Pratt (Horace Hodges), Bob (Master Billy Speechley), and the policeman (Albert Ward). Cat-burgling is only one of the pastimes indulged in by the characters in this "fantasy of farce and fear"



And So the Days Go By

BY REGINALD CLEAVER

Some sidelights on the ups and downs of life, which are the chief joys of Winter Sports Land

The Sunset God

"A warm and kindly light suffused them"

THE Sun-god leaned forward on his cloud-based throne.

"What is this you tell me," he demanded, "of the little people down below?"

"Sire," replied his winged attendant, "they are presumptuous ants, these earth-people. Some among them call themselves artists. They believe that they can paint."

"Paint?" echoed the Sun-god.

"Yes. They daub little pieces of canvas. They prate of form and colour. These little folk are wondrous puffed up."

"Colour?" smiled the Sun-god. "They talk of colour, do they? Colour. Bring me my brushes. Bring me my tubes. Colour, did you say?"

"Your brushes are here, sire," said the attendant.

Below, at the Sun-god's feet, stretched the long, uneven line of the Oberland, cold and dead white in the sad stillness of early evening. With one deft touch of his invisible brush he swept the hills from end to end. The still pallor lifted. A warm and kindly light suffused them. Another touch, and there came into the landscape a tinge as of wine spilt upon the snow. What colour would the Sun-god lay on next? Gold, gold, softly glowing. With such celestial skill was the colour limned that, if you had been watching from below, you would have said that the hills were lit by fire from within. The shadows against the gold grew darker. The serried ranks of pines—pines that seemed like an army ever climbing, and never reaching the summit—became cloaked with a pall of dusky velvet. The sky above the gold was a hard, bright blue. The stillness deepened into a breathless hush of expectancy.

"A flaming torrent of molten gold swept along the line of hills"

The Sun-god took a broader brush and flung it across the sky with a regal gesture. Instantly a flaming torrent of molten gold swept along the line of hills, from peak to peak; from Wetterhorn to Mettenberg, from Eiger to Mönch. The isolated turret of the Finsteraarhorn was a beacon aflame. It was a light, blinding and godlike. The gold in all the coffers of all the world's money-masters would have been as dross beside it. Out of the gold would flash a burst of crimson, as of some monster ruby in a golden setting.

"What do those earth-people say now?" asked the Sun-god.

The attendant bowed his head.

"It is too much," he said, "for them to look on long."

The Sun-god took a softer brush. The light became less blinding. The angry splendour of the flaming hill-tops was subdued. The sky was paler now and the clouds were a mass of crimson flecked with orange. Softer and softer grew the sunset light. The hills were mother-o'-pearl, full of a thousand subtle shades, dancing, disappearing, chasing one another. One by one the tints faded, merging into purple, quiet and gracious.

A star flashed out in the western sky, a sparkling jewel on dark velvet. Far below the artist, white-faced and humble of heart, went his way, sorrowing.

And the curler in the funny hat said to the curler in the funny trousers: "Ah well, George, I guess we've just time for a couple before dinner."

MAXWELL DOUGLAS.

"Softer and softer grew the sunset light"

Sketches specially made at Grindelwald by De Brûle

THE PLAINT OF THE LEG

By A A THOMSON

Illustrations by BLAM

I AM the right leg of the Hon. Rollo Diggleswade, and I make no apology for myself. This is probably the first time in history that a leg has got into print. But why not? A great deal of sentimental tosh is talked about hearts; much quasi-intellectual rubbish is wasted on heads, and that Shaw-person once wrote a play about Arms and the Man. It seems to be about time the leg stood up for itself. After all, where would the human race get to without legs? It wouldn't get anywhere. I am not a mere grouser. I served my country during the war and was wounded twice. But there are some things I can't stand. Shiver my tibia, yes!

The trials of a leg in Switzerland are insupportable. It is always being put upon. But Rollo doesn't care. He doesn't realise what he owes to my support. When I brought him all the way from London to the Grand Hotel at St. Moritz, he never had the grace to say "Thank you." I admit that my partner and colleague, Rollo's left leg, assisted a little in the transit, but, frankly, no one thinks much of left legs. They are a poor lot. Early every morning he flings me roughly over the side of the bed, takes off my pyjama—a sweet thing with jade-green stripes—and puts a riding breech on me instead of an elegantly creased trouser. Then he makes me take him on to the ski-ing slopes and straps me (a helpless, uncomplaining victim) to a ski. That ski just does what it likes. It whirls me down slopes at breakneck speed with an utter contempt for dignity and composure. Sometimes it catches in rutted snow and trips Rollo up. But the ski doesn't care. It has no feelings. It is absolutely wooden. . . . And Rollo likes it!

"After all, where would the human race get to without legs?"

Then he takes me skating. You notice I say: "He takes me." In the normal way of peregrination I should, of course, take him, but in winter sports a leg has no say whatever. A skate is smaller than a ski, but more vicious. A mean, treacherous fellow, the skate. You put the skate on, and there you are. The skate gets to work, and then where are you? I am a respectable, modestly conducted leg, but under the influence of skates I am forced to behave in a perfectly abandoned manner. I would blush if I could. I feel all the time that other legs are whispering: "Just look at that leg. Drunk, I should think." And I long to explain that it is all the skate's fault, and that on the rink a leg cuts no ice whatever. And Rollo (that is the worst of the thing) enjoys matters. He even makes me indulge in ice-hockey. There's an indignity for you! I have to rush madly about and get smacked over the shin with pucks and sticks and things. And Rollo loves it.

I get a little respite under the table at lunch-time, but after that I return to the mill again. I may go ski-ing again, or I may go down to see the horses' legs doing their races on the frozen lake. I don't think much of horses' legs; silly things, in my opinion. Rollo may even take me in a "skeleton" down the Cresta and wave me in the air as he whirls round the corners. Ridiculous! He has even sometimes taken me—and this is the greatest indignity of all—on to the curling rink to mix with a lot of Scotch legs. I am not a

(*Continued on page 391*)

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

CHILDREN OF THE HEIGHTS

"LE DÉJEUNER AU GRAND AIR

Our artist's impression of one of those perfect Swiss days, when skis are donned, rucksacks are packed, and the party sets out on that a picnic lunch marks the half-way point before skis are turned homewards and the final swoop down the slopes to the hotel begins. T way up to Maloja from

AIR" IN THE FEX VALLEY

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

that most exhilarating of all excursions, a *course* on skis. With the brilliant mid-day sun shining down on the scintillating snow, s. The scene portrayed is in the Fex Valley, above Sils Maria, a growing Winter Sports resort in that wonderful valley on the from St. Moritz

"AFTER DINNER, DANCE AWHILE!" BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A Gala Ball at the Grand Hotel, St. Moritz. Your winter sportsman or woman looks upon dancing into the small hours as the perfect rounding-off of a strenuous day spent on the snow slopes or ice-rinks

"That ski just does what it likes"

snob, but . . . Scotsmen's legs, really!

Once he packed me into a sleigh and took me off to Maloja. They say that the scenery on the way to Maloja is grand—a chain of white, snow-covered lakes and a winding sleigh road that runs past quaint old villages, under great headlands of frowning rock that stand up sheer like turreted battlements. But what do I know about scenery, tucked away under piles of sleigh-rugs? The legs at Maloja are good, honest English legs, most of them, but their one idea is ski-ing. They positively despise any leg that isn't so energetic as they are. I never saw legs so fond of violent exercise as at Maloja. Except, of course, at Mürren. The way legs are overworked at Mürren is a positive scandal. Talk about an eight-hour day! *And they like it.* They glory in it.

You might think that I should be allowed a rest at tea-time. The lounge at the Grand Hotel is an excellent place to rest in. But there is no rest for the weary. Instead, there is a *thé dansant* from four to nearly six, and Rollo never misses a single dance. I flatter myself I am rather good at the tango. Where would Rollo be without me in that? And after that he hauls me off luge-ing, and I have to do all the work of steering him. Then I have a bath and change into an evening trouser. I enjoy the bath and I like the evening trouser. There is something about an evening trouser, if I may say so, that suits my style. Not that Rollo has the courtesy to show off my style of beauty. He just pushes me under the dining-table anyhow. Then he drinks champagne. Do I get champagne? I do not. The only fluid I am ever likely to get is water on the knee.

"He even makes me indulge in ice-hockey"

And after dinner! Tailing parties. I hardly like to tell you about tailing parties, with their string of luges, bumping along behind the jingling *traineau*. I have even—shame that I should confess it—been tucked under the arm of a female person during the course of a tailing expedition. That is what happens on a bob sleigh, and it occurs, too, when the tail of luges come bucketing down the road from Suvretta behind the old sleigh. That is what a shy, modest leg has to endure, and no one seems shocked in the least. They blame the moonlight!

Not even after tailing is the evening finished. The night (Rollo says) is yet young. There is the Cresta Ball at the Kulm or a jolly dance at the Carlton, and after that a cabaret show at the Palace or further frivolity in the Grand Gaiety Bar. I dance and dance and dance. Fox-trots, one-steps, tangos, waltzes. What is a poor leg to do? . . . I declare that if there was a Prevention of Cruelty to Legs Society I'd join it.

And when Rollo gets home, people say to him: "Well, how's Switzerland?" And he says: "Topping. Greatest holiday I've ever had. Going earlier next year."

And then they say: "How's the old leg?"

And he says: "Fit as a fiddle. Never felt a twinge."

Ah, well, I suppose I must bear up. After all, team work is the thing. . . . But I'd like a little credit sometimes. Blow my patella, yes, I would! A. A. T.

"He just pushes me under the dining-table anyhow"

From Golden Age to Charleston Time

WHEN NAIADS danced they had the fragrant forest pools in which to refresh themselves after their exercise. These ukelele days you are denied that luxury, but you still have a splendid alternative in Atkinsons Eau de Cologne.

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ATKINSONS
"GOLD MEDAL"
Eau-de-Cologne

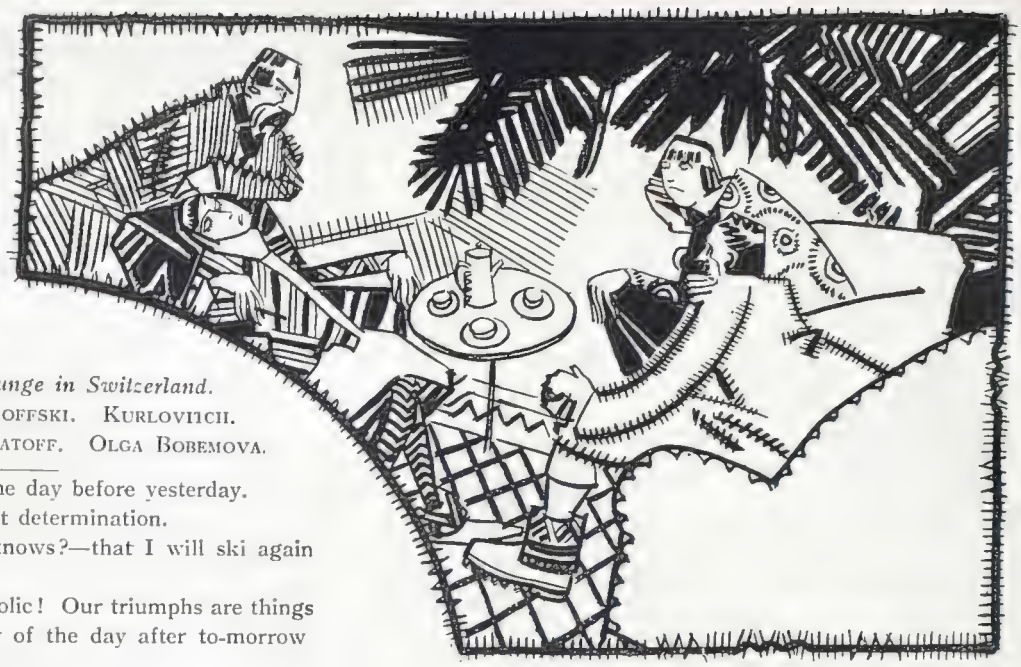
S.H.B.

Life is Like That

A Fragment in the Russian Manner

Translated by A. A. THOMSON

Illustrations by BORIS IVANOFF



Scene: An hotel lounge in Switzerland.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: SKIOFFSKI. KURLOVITCH. SKATOFF. OLGA BOBEMOVA.

SKIOFFSKI: I went ski-ing the day before yesterday.

SKATOFF: What energy, what determination.

SKI: And it may be—who knows?—that I will ski again the day after to-morrow.

OLGA BOBEMOVA: How symbolic! Our triumphs are things of the day before yesterday or of the day after to-morrow Life is like that.

ALL: Yes, life is like that.

SKI: I wear skis, not because I love ski-ing, which is a brutal pastime, suitable only for Englishmen ——

ALL: Ah, Englishmen! (They shudder.)

SKI: I wear skis because they are in tune with my temperament. My skis *are* my temperament.

ALL: True, true. We all have our temperaments.

SKI: My skis lead me whither I would not. So does my temperament.

ALL: So do all our temperaments. Life is like that.

SKI: For myself, I love ease. I love the lounge of the Grand Hotel, with its comfort, and its music, and its *petits fours* at tea-time. But my temperament drags me out into the snow. So do my skis. They hurtle me down the nursery slopes. I rush, I whizz. Oh, the thrill, the rapture of speed. I am in heaven! Then, a rut in the snow—bang, bump! I am . . . no longer in heaven. I was up. I am down. . .

ALL: Life is like that.

SKI: There are bruises upon my body, beautiful bruises—a symphony in purple and green. No painter, even of our most modern school, could produce colours half so lovely or so agonizing. I will show the passionate bruise upon my elbow. . . .

ALL: No, no, elbows are too passionate.

SKI: There is no beauty without pain. Life is ——

ALL: Like that. Exactly.

KURLOVITCH: My temperament is strange. It leads me to the wildest places. Yesterday I visited the curling rink.

ALL: The curling rink! (They shudder violently.)

KURL: Yes, sometimes a devil possesses me. I care not where I go. On the rink I saw Scotsmen.

OLGA (who is an innocent girl): Scotsmen? What are they?

KURL: Scotsmen are a ruthless race of grim barbarians. They have no souls, no temperaments. All they have is a granite bun, which, with piercing cries and gestures of incredible ferocity, they hurl at one another.

"All they have is a granite bun, which . . . . they hurl at one another"

ALL: We will not go curling; at least, not until the day after to-morrow.

KURL: I have watched these Scotsmen. Their faces are grim as death. Their imprecations are terrible. They engage a body of inferiors, evidently of the *moujik* class, armed with *besoms* (or, brooms of death) for the purpose of sweeping up the bodies of their victims. It is a fearful sight.

ALL: Too, too fearful.

SKATOFF: I am a skater. Skating is a symbol of life. Raw, bleeding life.

SKI (tenderly feeling his elbow): Raw? Bleeding? Do not say that.

SKA: Yes. I have my right skate and my left skate. I have my Good Angel and my Bad Angel. The one aspires, the other drags me down, down. Life is ——

ALL: Quite, quite.

SKA: Our skates are our angels. However high my right skate may fly upwards, however, loftily it may shoot towards the infinite, it is imprisoned, like a bird in a cage. Our skates are fastened to our feet, our feet to our legs, our legs to our bodies. It is hard, hard. The surface of the rink ——

ALL (with feeling): Hard, hard. . . .

SKA: And that is why, though I am no coward, I do not intend to skate again until the day after to-morrow.

KURL: And I shall not curl again until Tuesday week.

SKI: And I shall not ski again until next summer At Lucerne.

OLGA: Life is like that. Always in the future. We go on and on. The samovar drips. Across the Steppes comes the clang of the hammers in the vodka-mines of Omsk. As Baudelaire, truest of moderns, sang: '*La vie* —

SKI: '*Est* —

KURL: '*Comme* —

SKAT: '*Ça.*'

They poison themselves.

[CURTAIN.]

The Strenuous Side of Winter

Sport and General

READY FOR ACTION

Mr. Eldridge, the racing motorist, photographed in his Miller car. He recently set up a world's record, covering 50 kilometres in 14 mins. 12·74 secs.

G.P.U.

VETERANS AT PLAY

George Duncan (left), James Braid, J. H. Taylor, and Abe Mitchell, who recently played a foursome at Richmond in aid of the Prince of Wales's General Hospital. Taylor and Mitchell won by the comfortable margin of 8 and 7

Sport and General

CAMBRIDGE GETS AWAY

W. J. Taylor, having got possession, stands not upon the order of his going, but puts his best foot foremost to score the first try for the Light Blues in their match against Richmond. The match, which was played at Richmond, resulted in a win for the Varsity by 21 points to 6

L. N. A.

"COME TO MY ARMS"

A Blackheath player bringing down a Cardiff three-quarter in the recent match on Rectory Field. The Heathens won by 5 points to 3

Sports as Played in England

Sport and General

A WEIGHTY BUSINESS

J. H. Wheatcroft (Caius) goes in seriously for putting the weight in the trials at Cambridge. He was the winner in this event

Farringdon Photo Co.

BY THE LEFT!

Entrants in the 120 Yards Hurdle Race at the Oxford Seniors sports preserve admirable dressing over the first hurdle. The winner was R. J. Holland (Christ Church), who is seen second from the left

Farringdon Photo Co.

WELL OVER

R. J. Holland winning the High Jump at the recent Oxford Seniors sports meeting. His winning jump was 5ft. 5in.

Sport and General

THE FIRST HOME

G. F. Anderson, of Clare College, Cambridge, winning the Half Mile Flat in the Clare, Caius, Jesus and St. Catharine's trials

Sport and General

LOOK BEFORE YOU LAND

L. G. D. Croft, of Jesus College, Cambridge, winning the Long Jump in the Clare, Jesus and St. Catharine's trials held recently at Cambridge

A Winter's Tail

By A. A. THOMSON

Illustrations by LENDON

DORA came tripping across the lounge towards me, a fairy vision.

"Come along," she said.

"But I'm going to play bridge," I protested. "The bridge at the best hotel in Chamonix is——"

"Bridge! Oh, the intrepid winter sportsman! You'll be curling next. Who was it that played bridge when Rome was burning?"

"Sir Francis Drake, of course. But I love you, Dora. I'll luge down Mer de Glace on a soap-box if you command it."

"You'll be doing that in any case within the next half an hour," laughed Dora. "We're going tailing."

"Tailing? Heavens, what's that?"

"Well, you take a sleigh——"

"I shall undoubtedly take a sleigh. To the railway station—immediately."

"Then you tie a lot of luges behind."

"Like the tail of a kite?"

"Precisely. Then you sit on the luges."

"I? No. There your hitherto accurate description of the affair begins to err. The President of the French Republic or the Grand Lama of Thibet may sit on your luges, but not I."

"Oh, come," urged Dora. "'Tis better to have luged and lost than never to have luged at all."

"No," I said firmly. "I simply love sitting on kettles tied to bronchos' tails, but not on your luges."

"Very well," retorted Dora, "I'm sorry. But Mr. Saunders is coming and he'll be so disappointed if you're not there."

I leapt to my feet. Saunders is (in my opinion) a regrettable occurrence. He is (as I see him) something of a blight, a murrain, a pestilence. It is the one spark of grace in his otherwise wholly imperfect nature that he is fond of Dora's society. It is the one flaw in Dora's otherwise wholly perfect taste that she is not sufficiently revolted by his. There are those who go so far as to say that I dislike Saunders.

"When do you start?" I demanded sharply.

"In a quarter of an hour," said Dora, "so buck up and change."

As we came out, the moon was peeping over the glistening rampart of the Mont Blanc range. The horses that drew the sleigh were nodding their black plumes. Behind the sleigh seven luges were attached—three pairs and an odd one. On the first two pairs sat two youths and two maidens. Converging upon us from the side door I caught sight of Saunders, muffled to the eyebrows, looking like a dropsical Teddy Bear. With great presence of mind I stumbled lightly against Dora, seized her arm, and dragged her down on to the luge beside me. Saunders was left, odd man out. (One to me.)

"'Lo-t in the snow,' I gasped"

The driver cracked his whip. The horses bounded forward. The luges kicked at their moorings. Saunders fell off. Then we really started. Over the frozen road we bumped, lurching round corners and swaying down dips till we were clear of the town. Then we began to climb the mountain road. Frosty jewels hung in the silent pines. The sky was a canopy of dusky velvet, diamond-studded. The moon—— Just then Saunders fell off again. We rescued him. Above us towered the glimmering points of the Aiguilles, mysterious and majestic. At every bump the couples in front clung to each other. (They were engaged couples.) As for Dora and me, well—we . . . . Saunders fell off again. Selfish of him. Enjoying all the fun by himself.

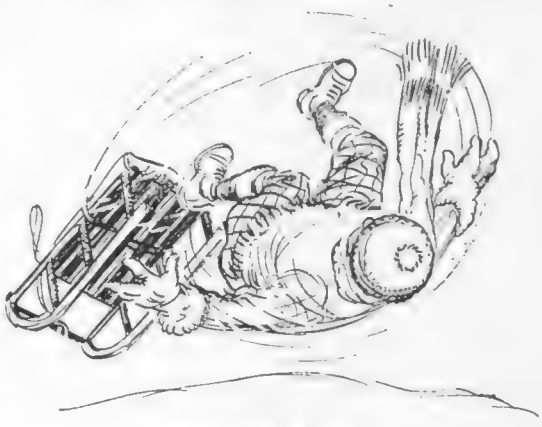
"Are we going right to the top of Mont Blanc?" I asked.

"Not quite," laughed Dora. "Higher up, the road is wide enough to turn. Then we'll swing round and bump back."

"What ho!" I murmured grimly.

The road widened suddenly. The horses rocketed in a sweeping curve.

The driver cracked his whip. The horses snorted like the chargers of the cuirassiers at Waterloo. The whole cavalcade went bucketing madly downhill. Bump! Crack! Jingle! It could not go on much longer. At the next corner I must fly——. Bump! I flew. But I seized Dora first. Presence of mind. We took our faces out of the snow-



"Saunders fell off again"

drift simultaneously. The sleigh was fifty yards away.

"Lost in the snow," I gasped. "Are we this side of Mont Blanc or the other?"

"The other," panted Dora. "We must be. We went like the cow that jumped over the moon."

"The St. Bernards," I said solemnly, "will find our bodies in the morning. Death from exposure. Meanwhile, we might delay the evil hour by . . . what is the technical term? . . . snuggling. Yes, snuggling. . . ."

"I should hate to die of exposure," murmured Dora, shyly.

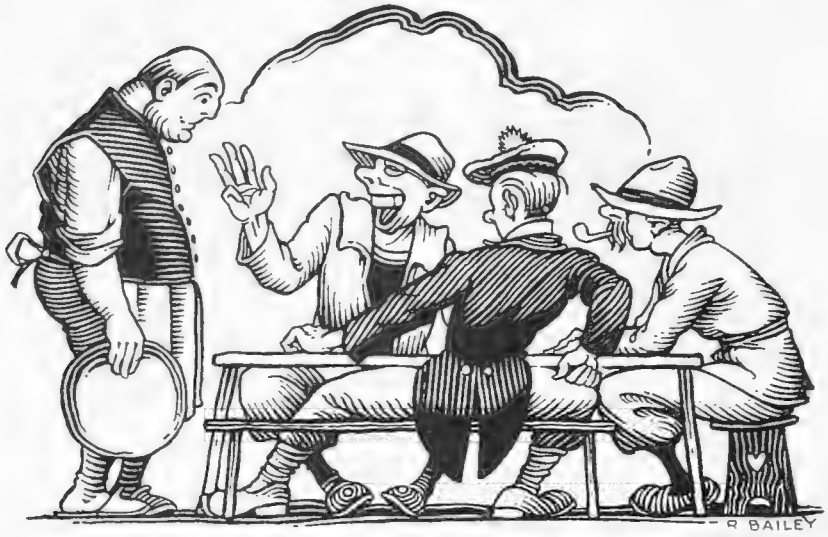
(Have I said there was a beautiful moon?)

. . . . .

"I wonder," said Dora, as we walked home, "I wonder if Mr. Saunders—— "

"Oh, him!" I replied nonchalantly. "I cut him loose before we started coming down!"

Worthington



Two's company
three's a crowd
....most easily
regulated—by
calling for three
Worthingtons

Proverbs

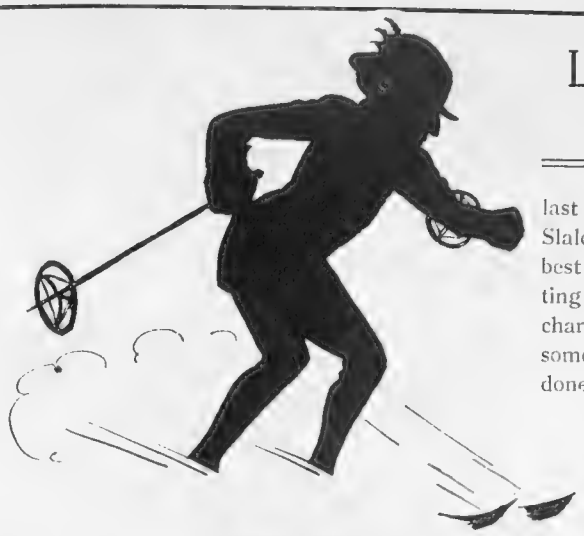
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LIMITED DUBLIN

LEADING LADY SKI-RUNNERS

By ARNOLD LUNN *Illustrations by* D'EGVILLE



DAME K. FURSE

Dame Katharine Furse, G.B.E., was perhaps the first Englishwoman to ski. As a child she made a few tentative experiments with a pair of Norwegian ski imported by her father, Mr. John Addington Symonds, to Davos. Nobody else skied, and so Dame Katharine turned her attention to toboganning, and won a number of first-class races against the best men tobogganners of the day. It was not until she came to Mürren after the war that she settled down in real earnest to the full rigour of the game. She is one of the two ladies who hold the gold badge for cross-country ski-

MISS ELLIOTT

ing. Judging Dame Katharine for a test was not unmixed joy. Her imperious nature rebelled against "controlled running" under the direction of two male judges. Nor did she enjoy skiing through a wood with two more or less invisible judges peering at her from behind trees, a sensation which she aptly described as "eyes behind firs and Furse."

Dame Katharine is also a racer of distinction, having won the Strang Watkins Cup and securing second place last year in the Pery Cup Slalom. But to see her at her best you should watch her setting forth from Pontresina in charge of an Elementary Test, some fifty strong. Nobody has done more than Dame Katharine to hearten the novice and to help others. Her little book, "Ski-running for Beginners," is an excellent introduction to the sport.

Lady Raeburn began to ski after the war. Being of a modest and retiring nature, she avoided the company of experts, and spent her first season ski-ing with a guide. Then one day she went in for her Second Class Test, and, to the astonishment of her judges, got through. Since then Lady Raeburn has developed into a very good runner and into a keen and courageous racer. She was second last year in the Lady Denman Challenge Cup, and twice helped her team to victory in relay races. She is also an enthusiastic mountaineer, and in company with Mrs. Duncan Harvey came out from England to cross the Oberland glacier passes in May. She has served on various important ski committees, and has always displayed a fine grasp for the essentials of the case, combined with a lordly—or ladily—disregard for man-made procedure.

Miss Olga Major dislikes Tests and Races, but in her more amenable days was induced to enter for Tests and for Races, in spite of her feelings. In the course of a Test on hard snow she was ploughed because, as her judges put it, she did not look "happy on ice." She soon achieved the correct hilarity, and passed the Qualifying Test for her First Class Test. As a racer she has a more distinguished record than any other lady runner. She has won the Ladies' Ski Championship on two occasions. She entered for the Men's Open Championship in 1921, and finished fifth out of thirteen competitors and she has beaten some good racers in the Roberts of Kandahar, finishing fourth on one occasion out of a large field. She was one of the first ladies to be appointed a Second Class Judge, and she would be an excellent judge but for one trifling failing—a rooted objection to informing people that they have been ploughed. If, as sometimes happens, her fellow judge suffers from the same sensitive regard for the finer feelings of the incompetent, the dejected candidate is left to deduce his fate from the careful study of the judges' backs as they move smartly back to their hotel.

MISS MAJOR

Miss Doreen Elliott has twice been second in the Ladies' Ski Championship. Last year she won the Lady Denman Challenge Cup, which might be described as the Ladies'

LADY RAEBURN

MRS. CAULFEILD

Kandahar, and also the Mabel Lunn Challenge Cup. She has, of course, passed her Second Class Test. She has also some good long tours to her credit—the Wildhorn and Wildstrubel among others. She is a very graceful and plucky runner, and recently distinguished herself by winning an Open Slalom at Gstaad against several strong men competitors.

MRS. CAULFIELD has two claims to distinction. She is one of the most graceful and finished ski-runners among British ladies, and she is the only person who has ever succeeded in making Mr. Vivian Caulfeild punctual for an appointment. She suffers severely from competition nerves, and has, therefore, never done herself justice in races, or entered for the First Class Test, which at one time she would certainly have passed. She has brought up fifty per cent. of her children in the way they should go. Barry Caulfeild is an excellent runner, but the other fifty per cent. (Miss Norah Caulfeild), I regret to say, skates.

MISS BECKTON won a surprise victory in the Ladies' Ski Championship last season at Wengen. Miss Beckton began to ski at Lenzerheide, and spent her second season at Pontresina, where she did a great deal of ski-ing with Dame Katharine Furse, and acquired from her a good, sound mastery of the various turns. She then spent two seasons at Adelboden, and arrived at Wengen last winter without ever having entered for a race of any description. She followed up her victory in the Ladies' Ski Championship by winning the Ladies' Ski Club Championship two or three weeks later. She is a strong and powerful runner, about whom more will be heard in the future. A. L.

MISS BECKTON

M. Amstutz

A DIFFICULT FEAT

Mr. W. H. Amstutz demonstrating the jump turn whilst using the stick. He was the Swiss University Champion of 1925 and 1926, and winner of the International University Ski Championship held at St. Moritz this year

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When tired or overheated a little applied to the skin, or a few drops in the hand basin or bath, is delightfully cooling and refreshing.

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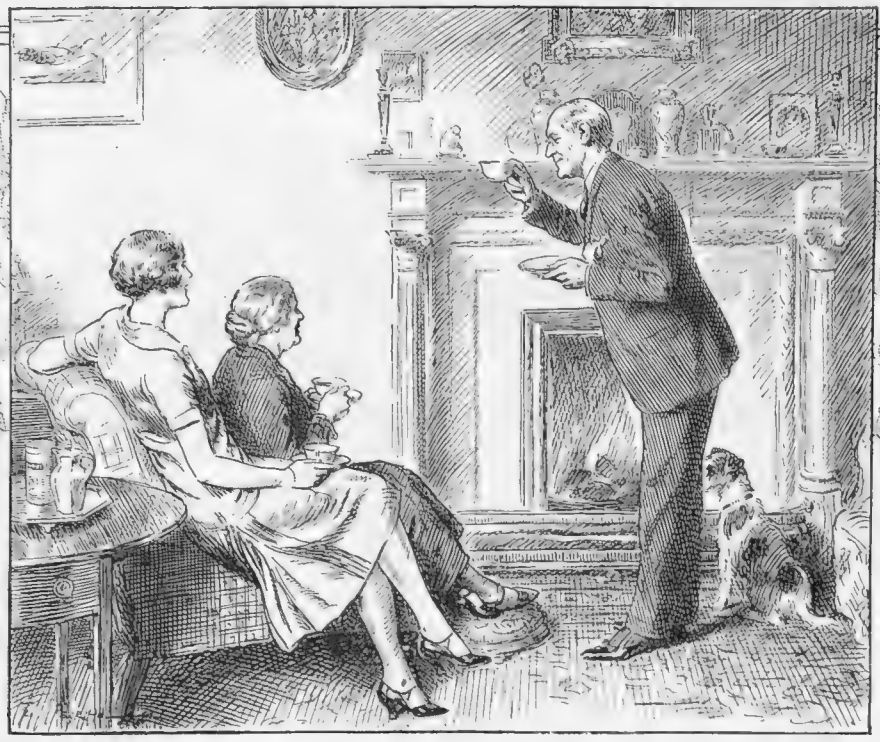


The Bedtime Toast — "A Happy Good-Night"

Of all the gifts of childhood the gift most envied by those who are in the autumn of life is the enjoyment of sound sleep, which really rebuilds and restores health and vitality.

Nourishment alone is the secret of health for both young and old, but with advancing years it is most important that the nourishment taken shall be highly concentrated, correctly balanced and easily digested.

The following letter we received is proof of the value of "Ovaltine" for the aged:

"Allow me to take this opportunity of expressing our high appreciation of 'Ovaltine.' Mother, who is now over 70, takes it twice a day, and her present condition is evidence of the wonderful effects that 'Ovaltine' can produce.

"When she returned from Canada last year she was frightfully thin, frail and nervy, and suffered from Insomnia. Now she is the picture of health—takes a daily walk which was once an irksome task, and she sleeps soundly. We have nothing else to thank but 'Ovaltine.'"

Healthy days and happy nights of restful sleep! Delicious "Ovaltine" is indeed a boon for those in advancing years!

Containing the concentrated nourishment extracted from malt, milk, eggs, with a cocoa flavouring, "Ovaltine" supplies all the nutritive elements correctly balanced, and also all the vitamins in proper proportions. Not only is it digested with ease, but it is capable of aiding the digestion of three or four times its own weight of ordinary food.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested, and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

Prices 1/6 & 2/6 per tin.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

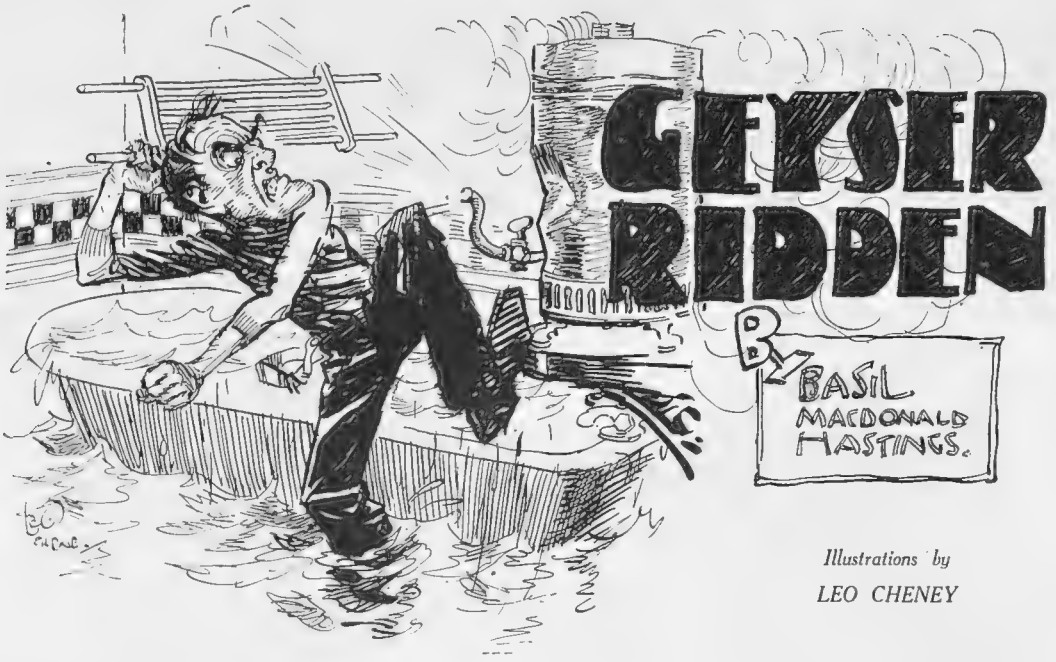
Obtainable throughout the British Empire.

Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin

'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

Everyone will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing and sustaining food sweet.

Prices 8d. and 1/3 per pkt.



Illustrations by
LEO CHENEY

SOME celebrity has been making speeches about hell. He says, like the comfortable-minded old dear he must be, that there is no hell. Obviously he has never had a wash in a bath fitted with a geyser.

Why do not people learn to pronounce the word "geyser"? It is a sad fact that 99 out of 100 confuse it with that "geeser" who was nice and old and had a nasty cough in the classic ballad "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road." Geyser is pronounced "giser" to rhyme with Kaiser, and is just as great a nuisance.

Looking back on the bath part of my life, I realise that I have always been a trifle unlucky about getting clean. I like baths, but they have often been unkind to me, the worst offender having been one I encountered in Montreal.

I had travelled all night from Quebec, a very good place to travel away from, and arrived at Montreal on Sunday morning. I had two hours to fill in before entraining for Chicago. The idea of a bath suggested itself, as anything more filthy than a railway journey in Canada in those days I have never encountered.

I knocked up a place which had all the external appearance of a first-class hotel and made known my simple wants. I wanted a bath. My face proved that I needed it. At first I was scowled at. Didn't I want anything to eat? I said that I was ready to try to eat corn if they would let me have a dip first.

"Pay now for a dollar breakfast, and yuh can hev all the swash you fancy."

Down went the dollar, and upstairs for the swash I went in the trail of the bell-boy. After a desperate struggle with two bunches of keys, one the bell-boy's and the other the chambermaid's, the bathroom door was opened. The bath was quite new and showed no signs of wear. With a grin of appreciation I turned on the cold water tap and lit the gas jet under the geyser.

It was not the sort of geyser to which you are accustomed. You only know geysers that discharge from the tap. This one did nothing so common. Certainly water did run from the tap in good volume, but unfortunately it also escaped in a myriad springs from the upper stories of the instrument.

I tried every trick to restrain this misplaced lawn-sprinkler, but in vain. With the usual perversity of such abominations it deluged every inch of the bathroom with the exception of the two strips of wall-space that the bath occupied.

Picture me dodging, sliding, creeping, ducking round the walls of that tiny room, endeavouring to undress in some unassaulted corner, straining every brain cell to bursting point to find a spot where my clothes would not be soaked to pulp. No good. Everywhere I crept the hot shooting spring followed me. Each garment in turn received its baptism as it was exposed.

At last, nearly hysterical with indignation and disgust, and remembering that I had seen no one in the hotel corridor during the lengthy period occupied by the finding of the right key of the bathroom, I opened the door, slipped out and hastily finished undressing.

Like a madman I tore off my socks—I suppose everyone leaves them to the last—and was just about to snatch up my bundle when . . . I think you can guess what happened.

A door opened on the other side of the corridor. I caught a glimpse of a blue dressing-gown, and my ears were stabbed with a wild feminine scream. I flung myself into the bathroom, hurled my clothes into a corner, and leapt into the bath.

Here the story becomes almost too excruciating for relation. A wild agonised shriek escaped me, a shriek even more awful than those that emerge sometimes from the perambulators at Woolworth's. *I had forgotten to test the temperature of the bath.*

It was at boiling point, 212 degrees Fahr., or even Fahther. I leapt from it in agony. . . . A rush of footsteps in the corridor. I am on the floor writhing. A knock at the door. . . . The rest? Let it be silence. Explanations. Apologies. Scalding misery. A fresh bath, this time of flour. Soaked clothes. No breakfast O Can-a-da! O Can-a-da!

Since then I have fought shy of geysers. If I stay with a friend who has a geyser for his bath, I say that I prefer

"Hastily finished undressing"

a cold bath in the morning and actually take it. I admit that I do not return to the friend's house if I can help it, but it is a fact that I would sooner plunge into cold water than expose myself to the attacks of a rancorous, pugnacious, pitiless geyser.

Fate, however, has overtaken me. Forces over which I have no control have driven me into a house where the bath cannot be heated save by a geyser. Now, I can't have cold baths for ever. Really, I can't. Let me face the geyser demon once more and see if I can get the best of him.

I study the card of instructions and then turn on the cold water. Next I light the "pilot-light." A pretty little thing! I suppose that's what they have in lighthouses. Next I turn the gas tap until the main burner lights from the pilot jet. So far I have not received the slightest injury.

What is the water doing? It is cold, it is warm, it is warmer, it is getting hot. Good! I will undress in my bedroom and return in a dressing-gown. No more Montreal splashings for me, thank you.

On returning to the bath I am delighted to find it half-full of very hot water, tested by my finger-tips. However, it's easy enough to cool that down. I turn on the cold-water tap that pours directly into the bath and wait developments.

A moment later the geyser spat at me. It gurgled and coughed and spat. It did not spit cold water, but hot, very hot, and straight from the tap. Montreal all over again, only worse.

I sprang at it, and it spat me back. A full cupful of "Fahrenheit" straight in the chest. I side-stepped and slung it in the jaw with that funny ladder-thing that people stretch over baths. The monster did not even wince, but continued to spit. I was in agony. I dashed to the door, thrust my head out and shrieked for help.

"What is it? What is it?" came the answer from below.

"The geyser," I wailed. "For Heaven's sake come and help me with it. It's geysing, geysing, geysing like fury, just as I always said it would."

At that precise moment I was hit with boiling hot water where I have never been hit since I was at school.

Of course, my wife knew what to do. It seems you cannot turn on cold water into the bath while the geyser is pumping in hot. But who the dickens was to know that? Now we have an arrangement. My wife is appointed Empress of the Geyser. She and she alone is to prepare baths. So, you see, failure is not failure, as somebody says, if it clears the road of illusion and lights the way to a plan. B. M. H.

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Keturah Collings

MR. J. F. TWINBERROW

Who has been Master of the North Ledbury Hounds since 1912. He combines the Mastership with the duties of Huntsman

With the Harriers

THE number of women M.F.H.s is not quite so large as was the case last season, but in the list of Harriers we find a good many lady Masters. Viscountess Folkestone is hunting a private pack in Wiltshire known as the Longford Harriers, while in the North Mrs. Roberts is running the Durham Harriers with her daughter as whipper-in. Lady Vivian, who last year succeeded Miss Ivy Martin as Joint Master of the Fowey Harriers, is hunting that pack with the assistance of General Sir F. Poole. Lady Maud Baillie is still actively associated with her husband in showing sport with the High Peak Harriers. They hunt a stone-wall country in which there are no foxhounds. Mrs. T. C. Scott has now become sole Master of the Romney Marsh Pack in Kent, while in Devonshire Mrs. F. M. Calvert and Miss S. Spooner are both on the list of Masters of Harriers. The Wensleydale Farmers' pack has Mrs. Wooldridge and Miss Hoyle in the joint command. A number of beagle packs are being hunted by enthusiastic sportswomen. All of which goes to remind us of the important part which the ladies are taking in hunting affairs to-day.

A Hunting Book

THANKS largely to the able editorship of Mr. J. Fairfax-Blakeborough the hunting and sporting reminiscences of Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes, the Master of the East Kent Hounds, make an interesting volume (Philip Allan and Co., Ltd. 21s.). A member of a family which has taken a prominent place in hunting for over a century and a half, Mr. Selby Lowndes is able to write on the sport from various points of view. His earliest recollections of hunting are of happy days in the Vale of Aylesbury. After spending some time on a ranch in the Argentine he rode to hounds in Leicestershire for several seasons. Then he became Master of the Wells Harriers. His first pack of foxhounds was the old-established Bilsdale, in Yorkshire. He became Master of the East Kent in 1900, and continues in that position. The book is plentifully sprinkled with sporting anecdotes, and makes entertaining reading.

Amazing Prices

DURING the past few days I have received particulars of the sale of the polo ponies which the Argentine team took with them to the United States for the recent tournaments. Marvellous prices were realised, and it is clear that few polo players in this country can keep pace with the values which rich Americans place on high-class ponies. Mr. Jack Nelson's famous pony Judy made no less than £2,600. Curiously enough, this mare was rejected by the judges of the Hurlingham Show last summer on the grounds that she was blemished by a scar. At Ranelagh, however, the judges were not so particular and placed her at the head of their show, while at Meadow Brook a month ago Judy was adjudged champion. She now goes into the hands of Mr. S. Sanford, whose father also bought Mr. Andrada's Gama at the same sale for £2,020. Another big buyer of the Argentine ponies was Mr. A. C. Schwartz, who was lucky enough to buy Jack Horner a fortnight before his victory in the Grand National.

Keturah Collings

MR. C. HILTON GREEN

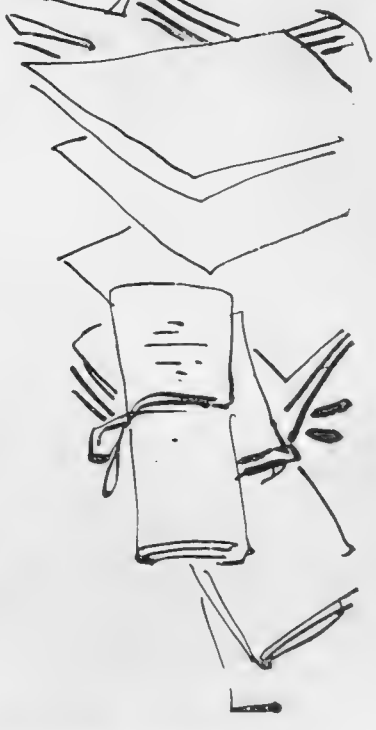
Of Broadway, Worcestershire, who is Master and Huntsman of the North Cotswold Hounds. He took over the Mastership in 1924

An Alpine Year Book

It is impossible to go to Mürren, Wengen, Maloja, or some half-dozen other winter sports centres in Switzerland without hearing a great deal of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club, that gathering of enthusiastic sportsmen and sportswomen which has done so much for British endeavour on the snow slopes and ice-rinks. A complete record of the club's activities is given in the *Public Schools Alpine Sports Club Year Book* for 1927, which may be obtained at 2, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, W.1. In addition to the club records, it contains an extremely interesting series of articles on the well-known winter sports centres, and forms an invaluable *vade-mecum* for the lover of Alpine sport in all its fascinating variety.

A TOAST

A good word for our friends "at the bar,"
Very dry tho' their arguments are;
But the law is no ass
When it pleads for a Bass,
The best of "refreshers" by far.



BASS

the man's drink

TRADE MARK

A GOOD WORD FOR EVERYBODY

BV3

By "The Tout"

INSIGHT II's OWNER

A Newmarket impression of Mr. A. K. Macomber, whose winning of the Cambridgeshire with Insight II consoled the bookmaking fraternity for the advent of the Betting Tax

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A Blow for Mr. Cottrill

I know few better judges of a racehorse than Mr. Harry Cottrill. The great success he has gained with sundry animals purchased out of selling plates shows what a shrewd eye he has for a horse capable of improvement. Miss Sport, unlucky not to win the Cesarewitch, is one of his bargains made this year. I have seldom seen Cottrill quite so puzzled as he was last week when Adam's Apple ran so badly in the Criterion Stakes. I know how highly the Lambourn trainer has galloped this youngster, and he was regarded as something to gamble on. After the race Adam's Apple presented such a woebegone appearance that it was generally supposed the colt was seriously amiss from one cause or another. Anyway, this was nothing like his real form. I sincerely hope there is nothing radically wrong with him. It would be the worst of luck for Mr. and Mrs. Whitburn if Adam's Apple were to prove a disappointment after the stable had parted with Birthright.

Another Turn-up!

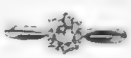
More wailing on the part of poor backers! After Myra Gray comes Insight II to administer a knock-out blow to those of us who imagined we could find a flaw in Mr. Dawkins's work in the big autumn handicap. What was wrong with Delius that he should have failed to justify the opinion of those who considered him as something like a racing certainty last week? Some blamed his jockey for having made too much use of the favourite in the early stages of the race. Others declared that the colt did not struggle at all generously when the pressure was applied. I do not seek to blame either the rider or the horse, ascribing his defeat to the simple fact that he had been over-rated. According to his trial Delius was unbeatable, but once again we were to realise that performances at home are not always duplicated on the racecourse.

The Lucky Owner

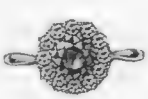
Mr. A. K. Macomber is naturally accounted a lucky man to have won the Cambridgeshire in two successive seasons. But, as a fact, up to last week he had not enjoyed a very successful season either in England or France. He runs one of the biggest racing stables in the latter country, and this year has failed to win as many good prizes as an owner who races on such an extensive scale expects to do. I think Mr. Macomber was as surprised as most of us when he saw Insight II flash past the post an easy winner. There was scarcely any form on which you could give this gelding a good winning chance. The discomfiture of the heavily backed division was singularly complete. It is true that Delius did put up a fairly good show, but where were such as Embargo, Oojah, and Plack? All beaten to blazes! And so we pass to the few remaining important handicaps of the moribund season. Are we any the wiser after the lamentable results of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire? No, alas! Not a bit of it!

ENGAGEMENT RINGS

MAPPIN & WEBB have the finest selection of Engagement Rings in London and selections will be sent for approval at the Company's risk and expense or a Catalogue will be sent upon request. The illustrations of the Rings represent their actual size.


Diamond, Platinum and Gold, £25 0 0

Diamonds, Platinum and Gold, £20 0 0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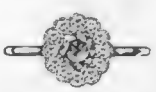
Emerald and Diamonds, All Platinum, £45 0 0

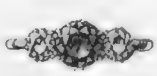
Diamonds, Platinum, £30 0 0

Diamonds, Platinum and Gold, £25 0 0


Ruby and Diamonds, Platinum, £35 0 0

Sapphire and Diamonds, All Platinum, £45 0 0

Fine Diamonds, Platinum, £38 10 0


Sapphire and Diamonds, All Platinum, £50 0 0

Diamonds, Platinum, £40 0 0

Emerald and Diamonds, All Platinum, £36 10 0

Diamond, Platinum and Gold, £35 0 0

Emerald and Diamonds, All Platinum, £50 0 0

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PARIS. ROME. NICE. JOHANNESBURG. RIO DE JANEIRO. BUENOS AIRES. SAO PAULO.

" A huge calabash full of sack was offered to the lips of the suppliant . . . .
" ' Crack me this nut . . . . without wry faces.'
" But, however Oliver might have relished a moderate sip . . . . he was terrified at the quantity he was required to deal with . . . . He . . . . entreated for mercy.
" ' So please your princedom . . . . if I were to swallow your Grace's bounty . . . . I should not be able to stride over the next kennel.'
" ' Art thou in case to . . . . cut me a caper—ha ! one—two —three—admirable ! again—give him the spur '—(here a satellite . . . . gave Oliver a slight touch with his sword) . . . . —' he sprang like a cat in a gutter !' . . . . "

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

And so was the vainglorious Oliver turned loose, only to boast once again of his exploits. Yet, below it all, Oliver carried a good heart, warm, mellow, and comforting as friendly Black & White. His, as Black & White's, was but a desire to please his fellows. Oliver Proudfute was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

Lord Haig's Appeal
Remembrance Day
November 11th.
Wear
a Flanders Poppy

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

(Continued from page 376)

good things, including the Jackson Cup, which will bring curlers from all parts of the country on January 24.

Grindelwald needs no introduction. Suffice it to say it will be its usual jovial self, according its guests the best of outdoor and indoor amusement. The Boss and Nottbeck Ski Cups are down for decision in January.

On the Montreux-Oberland route, Gstaad will again have its exciting Nevada run, a cross between looping the loop and a switchback. The Earl Beatty ski races will be run on January 24. Zweisimmen is a fine place for ski-ing; while Château d'Oex combines superlative ice with a homely atmosphere. On the other side of the Leman is Les Avants, famous in the world of sport long before many modern stations were even thought of. A fine luge run and excellent ski fields in the vicinity are its chief attractions.

Sun and scenery ally to make Caux one of the most desirable places in French Switzerland. The ski-ing and skating are good, while indoor attractions are all that one expects at a place which aims at "distinction" rather than popularity.

Montreux is not a winter sports centre in the proper sense of the word, but it is perhaps the best "jumping-off place" in the Alps.

Caux, Les Avants, Glion and all the resorts on the Oberland line are within easy reach, and those who like change can visit fresh places every day. The Grand at Territet makes an ideal G.H.Q., and he must be a misanthrope indeed who fails to enter into the whirl of gaiety and fun.

Those in search of club life will find kindred spirits at the Montreux Club, or its neighbour the International Sports Club, at Territet, over which the well-known author "Sapper" presides.

IN THE PYRENEES

The fine skating rink at Font-Romeu

IF, however, a truly restful vacation is your aim, Les Rasses, in the Juras, would be hard to beat. It is off the usual track, but there is good sport, untrammelled by convention. Champéry and Montana, in the Rhone Valley, both have their votaries, and if there is any sunshine in Switzerland the latter gets it.

In concluding this necessarily incomplete analysis of the programme for the coming Season, I would remind readers that to assure their holiday being a success information should first be obtained from the Swiss Federal Railways, London, or the National Tourist Office, Zurich. Full details about all the resorts are given free on request.

IF you should seek winter sport in France there is, of course, Chamonix, in the beautiful valley dominated by Mont Blanc. Here a very full programme of winter sports has been prepared, which reaches its height in February. From the 1st to the 6th are the Championship of France and the *Grande Semaine des Bobsleighs*, when famous aviators and motorists will compete for the *Tournoi des "As" du Volant*.

FURTHER south in the Pyrénées there are three well-known centres where one may enjoy winter sports. They are Font-Romeu, Superbagnères, and Cauterets, all three of which provide splendid ski-ing, skating, and other sports. The hotels are first-rate and the surroundings magnificent. Naturally, they are out of the general run of centres, but have this advantage: in the improbable event of your suddenly wishing for a change, the sunny Basque country and Spain are within easy reach. But it is unlikely that you will want to leave the mountains.

4/5&6

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C.L. 120 in EDIUM BILLIARD

You buy a reliable pipe

If it's a City de Luxe

Trade enquiries to: 38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2. Est. 1869.

5/6

OPPENHEIMERS

MEAKERS
VIYELLA SHIRTS
Warmth without Weight

3

fittings to every neck size

WHEN you ask for shirts in the Meakers Shops your measurements are taken and you are shown a choice of those that will fit you correctly—body—neck and arm, as they stock three fittings to every neck size.

Men who wish for warm shirts should interest themselves in those made from "Viyella," a smooth clean flannel—unshrinkable, possessing quite a distinctive appearance.

It has been subjected to exhaustive tests and Meakers have adopted it as being absolutely trustworthy.

Sixteen and sixpence each. Collars to match One and sixpence. Pyjamas—Twenty-nine and sixpence.

Patterns sent upon request.

THIRTY LONDON SHOPS

MEAKERS Ltd. - 37-38 Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

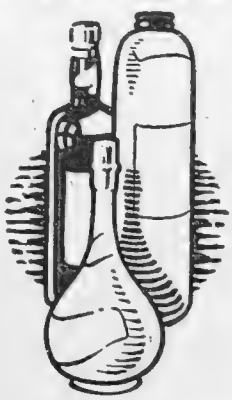
Time was when liqueurs were mostly of the ARCANUM MEDICUM. *They were physic, and no doubt tasted like it. Then came Lucas Bols who began to distil liqueurs at Amsterdam in 1575. It was he who made men glad of liqueurs; his heirs have done so ever since.*

DISTILLED and redistilled, and then distilled twice again, Bols Very Old Hollands Gin is a pot-still product made from pure grain only. Slowly it ages in the wood, whence comes its straw colour; and with years it gains a smooth mellowness. Drink a glass daily—it's very good for you. Those who are well up in such matters sometimes add a dash of Pommeranz Bitters.

BOLS

FINE LIQUEURS *and* VERY OLD HOLLANDS GIN

KÜMMEL,
CURAÇAO,
CRÈME
DE MENTHE



MARASCHINO,
CHERRY
BRANDY,
AND DRY GIN

BROWN GORE & WELCH LTD., CORN EXCHANGE CHAMBERS, SEETHING LANE, E.C.3.

RUGGER REACTIONS

A SPECTATOR'S LAMENT

By "PENDARVES"

I FOUND a man next to me in the stand at a big game the other day who voiced grievances. They were interesting, not to say amusing; though from his point of view he was in rather a bad way. But as he is typical of thousands of other people at the present time, his lament is worth ventilating. He had, to use his own words, recently "taken up Rugby." That is to say, he devoted every Saturday afternoon now to a puzzled, though thrilled, stare from a stand at a first-class Rugger game; and he saw *all* the Internationals last year. The moment he told me that he, an unknown entity with no particular influence, had got hold of a ticket for all ten national matches in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Paris, I had to accept him, without reserve, as at any rate a very Napoleon of the art of the wangle, and listened to him thereafter with marked respect. He had several sorrows.

"I am told," he said, "that this fellow, U. B. Bugbear, for instance, is the fastest wing three-quarter seen in the Lowland counties since somebody's grandfather's time; but once he gets on the move not a single man, or any two men, in the Plebes fifteen can stop him. Right. Good enough. So I take a first return to Booble, all teed-up, don't you know, with pleasurable anticipation, and glue my eyes on him from the start of the game to the last whistle—*and he never moves,* except to shuffle about from one foot to the other, dig his hands deeper into the pockets of his shorts, and interchange intriguing stories (which I can't hear) with the touch judge. My Sunday paper tells me next morning that 'Bugbear, on the wing, was consistently starved and had no opportunity of showing his real form. . . .'

"Then some Tremendous Authority, in his Rugby Notes, writes illuminatingly about Freddie Footup, 'that exceptionally brainy forward now playing for the Masqueraders, who should certainly attain the highest honours this season.' . . . . Away I go to Macclesfield (my companion was evidently a great traveller, anyway), the stronghold, so they say, of these Masqueraders, to watch Freddie Footup. I spot him, of course, by the number on his back, which is torn off in the first ten minutes—and then I lose him. No, it is not fair to say I lose him exactly; I see his grim face occasionally, emerging from underneath six pairs of legs at the end of what you call 'a fight,' I believe. But that tells me nothing. It is all very odd. How do these Selectors, whom one hears so much about, keep their eyes on *one* man throughout a fast open game?"

"A-a-ah!" I said, "now you *are* asking me something. You must not judge R.U. Selectors by the ordinary accepted standards of humanity—they are above all that." But this did not seem to convince him.

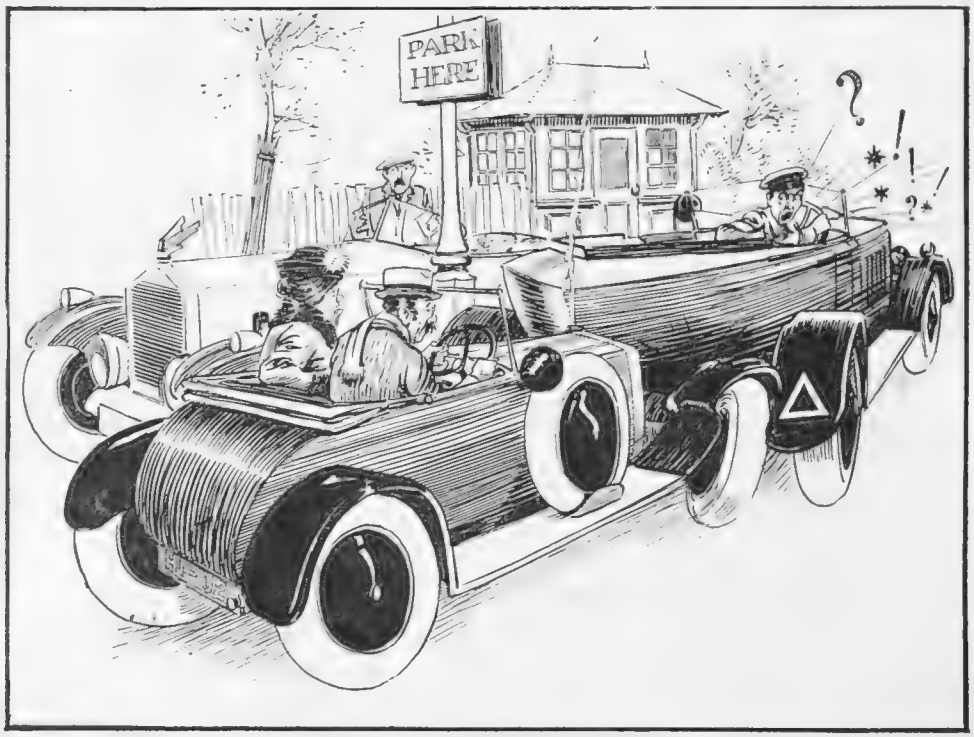
So I said: "Well, let's do it together. Let us single out a forward now take that big brute Cirencester, for example—the Dempsey in the white scrum cap. He's a heavyweight boxer: the opposing forwards are all getting heated: watch *him.*"

And only then did I realise how difficult a matter this is—to keep your attention focused on one man to the exclusion of others in an exciting game. I began to sympathise with my Napoleonic friend.

There must be many others who try to do this during a big game and fail, saying bitterly afterwards, "I don't think much of Brighteyes as a hooker—never saw him more than a couple of times, and then he was following up, late."

So here a moral or two, with diffidence. It does not follow at all that because you can't see So-and-So amongst fifteen other forwards he is necessarily a passenger. He is probably doing considerable execution in those hectic mauls in midfield, out of your range and (he hopes) the Referee's—pulling his weight honestly and tenaciously. The only *true* indication of his form can be obtained from the other two men who shared the heat and burden of the front row with him. But you must not expect an unbiased opinion from them until they have wallowed a minute or two in the hot bath afterwards.

And when you think that Rippington-Rawles is *not* the wing three that he was, bear in mind, and observe keenly, the nature and altitude of the passes (if any) that are slung at him desperately in the eleventh hour, so to speak, of a spent attack. *He* says that he is invariably the last man in the side to be considered, instead of the second—the skipper being first, of course (salute!). And that all they seem to need *him* for is the grounding of some horrible burly brute of a forward who has broken away from the loose and is making a bee, and heavy, line for the corner flag; and that you can't expect a man to do any decent tackling when he is very nearly frozen stiff. . . . But it is a grand game—even from the stand with a grumbler sitting beside you distracting your attention.



By BATCHELOR

"NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER"

"It's not a Y.M.C.A. car after all, dear. That red triangle must mean something else!"

Give, as was once your wont,
In those dear days of old,
Your heart and hand, but don't
Give me your cold!

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

A Covered Courts Championship Match.

QUEEN'S CLUB

Queen's Club was opened in 1887, the Jubilee year of the accession of Queen Victoria, who became a patron of the Club. It superseded the old Prince's Club in Hans Place and also provided a new home for the Inter-Varsity athletic sports.

To-day the Club is first and foremost the home of all ball and racquet games. Its fame as a Lawn Tennis Club is world wide and the grass courts are some of the best in the country. In addition to these there are hard courts and fine covered courts with wooden floors—of which the Club is particularly proud. Thus at Queen's, Lawn Tennis can be played all the year round.

Ever since the days of the Renshaws, the majority of leading British players have been members.

As a school for the game, Queen's is unique. A staff of resident professionals are available to give lessons at all times; whilst for Tennis and Racquets the redoubtable Peter Latham, a double world's champion, acts as professional to the Club.

The chief athletic meetings held on the track are the Inter-Varsity, Public Schools (Past and Present) Relay Races, Woolwich and Sandhurst Inter-sports. One of the possessions of the Club is a sketch book, in which are recorded various athletic feats which have been performed at Queen's. Many are interesting; some are bizarre.

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.

When buying your Poppy on November 11th in memory of the men who fell, see that "Haig's Fund" appears in centre.

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES

ESTABLISHED 1627

Issued by JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD. (Owning Haig & Haig Ltd.), DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

WE are informed that Fashion prefers knees this season. Flappers and their mothers will continue on their free and knees-y ways.

. . . . . .

BOOKMAKERS complain that the new Betting Tax will lead to the creation of a horde of police spies. But the Turf has known "S.P."-onage before.

. . . . . .

"MAUD is certainly a live wire."

"Yes; and her connections are also shocking!"

. . . . . .

STAGE SILHOUETTES
(Miss Evelyn Laye)

Because you're neat, petite *and sweet,*
An artiste true in every way,
I, at your dainty, twinkling feet,
My humble tribute, Evelyn, lay.

. . . . . .

IT is said that Chicago is an intolerant city. In other words, it has no good word for every Buddy.

. . . . . .

MANY authorities on religious subjects assert that there is no such thing as hell. My hat! Have they never had muscular rheumatism?

. . . . . .

A COURT of Justice recently considered the case of a woman who was supposed to have been sawn through. No Court would bother about a woman who could be seen through.

. . . . . .

Two songs sung with great success at the Motor Show:—

"I love a chassis"
and
"Take a pair of sparking plugs."

. . . . . .

"WHAT was that?"

"I fancy it must have been the carburetter."

"It wasn't; it was the kerb, you rotter!"

COLD COMFORT

Though apt adulteration's aid
Has now transformed me to a blonde,
I'm still a spinster in the shade,
Nor know the matrimonial bond;
I'm not, my spiteful friends aver,
The sort that gentlemen prefer.

Alas! that on the desert air
My waning sweetness I must waste:
Where is the youth who'd make me care?
Why aren't I by some Charlie chased?
Drat it! although there'd be some snarling,
I'd even be an Old Man's Darling!

Some weeks ago I chanced to read
A journal which discreetly said
It advertised the crying need
Of those who aren't averse to wed,
And catered for Cupidian wants
Of widows, dames and débutantes.

I sent a long impassioned "ad.,"
And told the Editor my plight;
I said my heart no warmth had had;
I vowed my life was lacking light;
And lo! to-day I heard my plea
Answered by some Gas Company!

"DADDY, there is some shot in my pheasant."

"Don't grumble, my boy; it's all in the game.

. . . . . .

A SPORTING writer says that the manipulators of the "Tick-Tacks" system save bookmakers thousands of pounds.

Oh! they're up to every trick;
And they're clever and they're slick;
And you must admire the "Tick-Tacks" crew;
But of racing p'raps you're sick,
Since if you should chance to "click,"
Then will Winston in a tick
Tax you!

. . . . . .

"CAN you conceive the idea of eternity?"

"Well, I'm paying for my car on the hire-purchase system."

. . . . . .

"THIS Burgundy has got no body."

"Never mind; you'll get the head later on."

. . . . . .

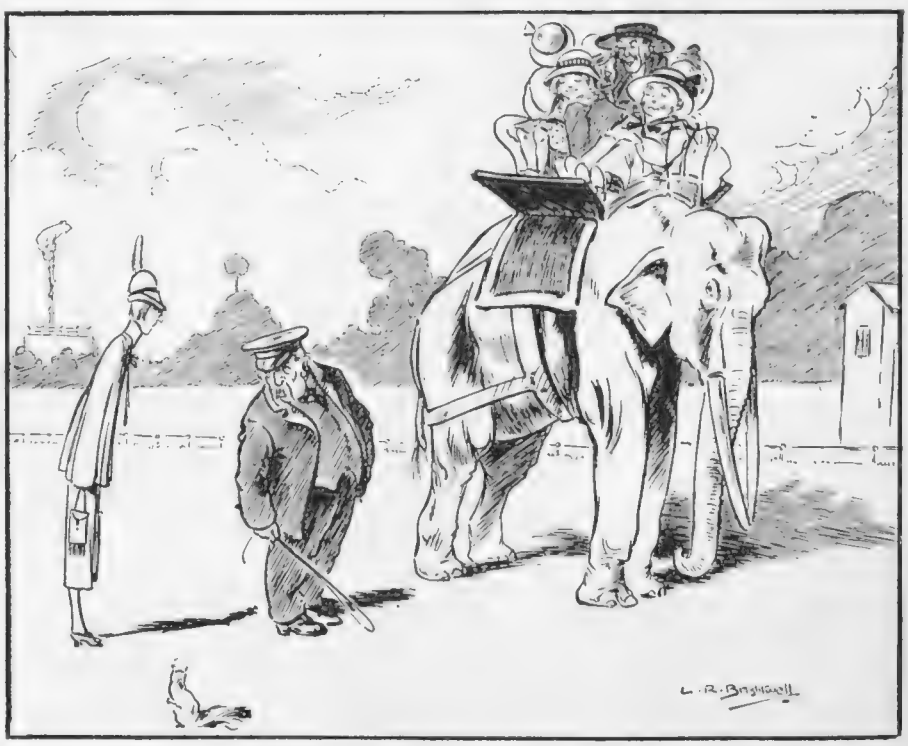
THIS week's puzzle:—When buckets in a theatre vestibule are labelled, "For Fire Only," why are they always filled with water?

. . . . . .

BOBBY (to his younger brother): "Rise, Sir Saturday!"

HIS MOTHER: "Why do you call him that, Bobby?"

BOBBY: "Because Saturday's the night of the bath."



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

IN FOR A THIN TIME

LADY: "Can't you make room for me?"
KEEPER (*reproachfully*): "Well, miss, you know the old saying about the last straw!"

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS

SWISS WINTER SPORTS.

CHAMONIX! CHAMONIX!

A fortnight in Chamonix £10 10 0.
France's foremost Winter Sports Centre.
Ski-ing, Skating, Curling and Tobogganing.

Resorts.	Hotels	Journey & 1st week from	Extra weeks from
CHAMONIX ...	Carlton	£9 12 6	£4 17 6
CHAMPERY ..	Dent du Midi	10 17 0	3 13 0
DISENTIS	Disentiserhof.	12 7 6	4 4 0
ENGELBERG..	Titlis	10 15 0	3 18 6
KANDERSTEG .	Park Gemmi.	10 2 6	3 2 0
LAC DE JOUX.	Grand	8 8 0	2 10 6
PONTRESINA ..	Roatsch....	13 18 0	4 15 6
ST. MORITZ ...	Belvedere ...	14 10 6	5 6 6
SILVAPLANA ..	Engadinerhof	13 15 0	4 10 0
WENGEN	Falken	11 12 6	4 4 0
ADELBODEN ..	Grand Regina	11 10 0	4 15 6
ADELBODEN ..	Victoria	10 2 6	3 7 6
GRINDELWALD	Alpenruhe ..	10 17 6	3 13 0
GRINDELWALD	Schweizerhof.	11 8 6	4 4 0
BEATENBERG .	Regina Palace	10 7 6	3 7 6
BEATENBERG	Silberhorn ..	9 10 0	2 10 6

Beatenberg! Beatenberg!

The Sunniest Resort in the Alps.
Ski-ing, Skating, Curling and Tobogganing.

Rooms booked in London; plans of hotels on application. Early booking is advised.

10 Days Nice Tour £10 10 0
or 17 Days £12 17 6
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All Nice Tours include Motor Tours to Mentone-Monte Carlo, Grasse and Cannes; travel, hotel, meals en route and escort to Nice.

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HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"
VAPEX
INHALANT

WHEN VITALITY IS LOWERED—

BY exposure to wet, cold or fog, the germs of cold and "flu" take hold of the system with serious, or even dangerous, results. If they are quickly sterilised by the timely use of "Vapex," the system has time to regain its powers of resistance and no harm is done.

All Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.,

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V.1.

MISS FAY COMPTON WEARING HER CIRO PEARLS.

SOCIETY'S CHOICE

IT is admitted that Ciro Pearls give social distinction and added charm to every woman fortunate enough to possess them. It is equally well known that the leaders of Society wear Ciro Pearls, often side by side with their priceless real pearls. Such connoisseurs are careful to select only true Ciro Pearls, because they alone reproduce with absolute fidelity all the subdued glow, subtle iridescence and indefinable colouring of the real Oriental pearl.

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48 Old Bond St., W.
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MANCHESTER
14 St. Ann's Square
LIVERPOOL
25 Church Street
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121 New Street
GLASGOW
95 Buchanan Street

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea (or C.O.D.) we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with gold clasp, complete in case. Wear for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference, return to us and we will refund your money in full. We are pledged to please you—always.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Ciro Pearls No. 7, post free.

Orders by post receive the same careful expert attention as if given personally in our Showrooms. Address to Postal Dept. 7, at our Head Establishment, 178, Regent Street, London, W.1.

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FRY'S SUCCESS

Our cocoa and chocolates, in their many various kinds, are of the greatest refinement and excellence that can be obtained by the most modern means and methods of production.

And for purity and wholesomeness they carry a reputation without equal for 200 years.

In the beautiful valley of the Avon, at Somerdale, stands the new Fry factory. It typifies our success. It is a model of all that a cocoa and chocolate factory can be, and ought to be.

J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd.,
Bristol and Somerdale.

SEVENTEEN SURPRISES! One of the most welcome of things—a pleasant surprise! A box of Goodwood Chocolates springs 17 pleasant surprises on you, each one seemingly more delightful than the last. Intriguing centres of original conception—17 different kinds in all—keep your interest quickened and your fancy tempted until the very last one has yielded its little secret. Try them!

Fry's Goodwood Chocolates

4/- per lb.

1 lb. box - 4/-
½ lb. carton 2/-
¼ lb. carton 1/-

G 59a

SEA, CIRO'S AND ZEROS

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE.*

"The pièce de résistance for breakfast"

LONDON, *November* 1.

DEAR COUSIN—

So it's back in town I am now, and rather wondering, in a way, how ever I could have stayed away so long. Seeing, I mean, what a lot of nice things there are happening and proceeding at this particular juncture or season of the year. And yet I don't know. . . . Looking backwards, I don't seem to've done anything at all of any sort of note all those three weeks or so in the little village by the side of the silvery sea. Not a single thing, at any rate, apparently worth mentioning in any even moderately modern and worth while Diary of Events. But all the same. . . .

All the same, and notwithstanding, p'raps, after all, some of the best history is really the kind you leave out of your memoirs, even if you should happen to possess the Margot touch. The "and so to bed" type, I mean—which famous phrase, may add, figures largely in aforesaid unwritten Reminiscences of a Quiet Life. Could anything be more thrilling, f'rinstance, than to wake up in the morning without an engagement in the world, or a care, save about whether the weather's going to obey you or the forecast? And, oh! the gradually growing rapture of each advancing morn as it gets plainer and plainer that, spite of all depressions progressing rapidly from Ireland or Aberdeen, all's likely to be more or less well. And that finally, throwing all the frightf'lly learned and wise company of the meteorologists to the winds, so to speak, that after all not entirely ungallant Clerk of the Weather has firmly decided to swallow his predictions, as you might say, and make it a fine day for you.

Eke and also, and long 'ere this joyous communication has been arrived at, there's all the intriguing speculation of what's going to be the *pièce de résistance* for breakfast this morning. Somehow not too much time to think about these really most important details in town, and with a day all mapped out for you beforehand, mushrooms and bacon are almost as fleeting and insignificant an item as glancing through your paper or hurriedly puting on your hat for the first rush out and forth to the affairs of the day. Whereas, in the ekquisite laziness of rural retreat, each of these little Joys of the World gets at last its true significance and place in the scheme of things as a ritual and a rite.

Such little things—a golden splash of sunshine on the ivy-covered wall with the twittering birds that you gaze on in delightful idleness as you dress, the waiting for the postman's knock (he's nearly five minutes late to-day), the rich and spacious uncertainty of whether to (1) play golf, (2) motor over to Blankstone for some shopping, (3) potter about on the beach, (4) have a windy walk on the cliffs or (5) do nothing at all. . . . By the way, good heavens! it's nearly lunch time—yes, those were our only real engagements in Lotus-land, meals. Meals—and bed, somewhere about 9 p.m., or on special late extension nights 9.30 . . . just about when here in London now we begin to think of choosing our ice if dancing, or wander out after the first act of a *première* and start discussing plans for supper at Ciro's, or Murray's, or the Palermo, or Princes, or the Picc.

Rather nice to look back on, those simple joys, those mellow hours that melted away so smoothly and so quickly, with a background of green rolling downs and cliffs, and still bravely green firs and quite often blue skies, and generally greyish sea. But I suppose eventually just a shade on the desolate side if and when winter comes, and the escapable showers grow into pitiless, pelting rain for possibly days on end? I wonder. Sometimes it seems to me that the country life with all its faults and drawbacks is so much easily the best, as long as you're more or less self-contained and able to amuse yourself, that is. For eminent persons, such as leading Judges, Cabinet Ministers, actors, and managers, of course, it is *not* recommended, what?

"Mr. Guy Fawkes

As, *e.g.*, for a certain rising young barter—they call 'em young and rising right up to fifty or so in the Law, don't they? whom I

"Putting on your hat"

happened to meet at lunch the other day at a certain Cinque Port's golf club. (Where the waiters, among other things, are immensely Cinque Port-ly, with full evening dress at 1 o'clock on a biting October afternoon; but that's by the way.) And who, cocktails being suggested, mentioned, or hinted at, briskly drew himself up to the full 5ft. 3in. or so of his leather jerkin and uttered, with due deliberation and solemnity; these notably, well-nigh incredibly bromide words: "Cocktails are insidious things." Loud laughter in court—only as he's not on the Bench yet (but it simply *must* happen soon after that), not quite . . . well, of course, there's laughter *and* laughter.

卐

RETURNING to our *moutons* though, which, in this London here now as ever is, must say I think it's really rather a nice place, and can't honestly admit or aver (spite of longing glances backwards) that there's anything here for tears about the thermom. having at last started hieing itself zerowards, or, anyway, in the direction thereof. It's November, dear brethren and sistren, but what of it? Between you and me, a really rather delightful excuse for having all sorts of nice fires all over the place from morning till night, and drawing the curtains quite early and getting, in fact, all the joys of the long evenings that are every bit as priceless as Mr. Willett's Long Days, when all's said and done, so there, or words of that purport.

卐

BUT honestly, dear Cousin, and apart from all argument, isn't it truly quite terribly fascinating to find ourselves here in November once more? November, the month of romance, *n'est-ce pas?* of the traditional local fog for one thing and likewise of gunpowder treason and plot, Mr. Guy Fawkes having done his very dashedest to remove the House of Coms. (including M.P.s of the period) from the map on this very next Friday as ever is come dunnomany years ago, as they say in the dialect books.

卐

NOVEMBER—when present-day Parliament also happens to meet again, only it's next week, thus missing the fatal anniversary (only now there's Nancy and Ellen among our M.P.s, I'm sure no one'd ever again be quite so thoughtless). Also—and how lovely these ancient customs are—actually a Lord Mayor's Show to be produced and performed on the very selfsame day, the 9th, to wit. When all manner of strange chariots and things, am told, will pass through London town—coaches and sedan chairs and hansoms and horse 'buses and bicycles of the old kind (when it used to be the last word of fashion to ride them in Hyde Park) and pre-historic motors. The sort, you know, our estimable grandparents tell us about, when the really smart cars were built like a brougham with the horses cut off, and you always had to have a man with a red flag ambling along in front of you to certify that even in your maddest moments you weren't to be suspected of doing more than a maximum of about four or, say, four-and-a-half miles an hour.

"Waiting for the postman's knock"

BUT rather a pleasing unofficial month, too, November, methinks. A month of weddings, for one thing, is not it? and the hymeneal programme (loud cheers) is full, meseems, of November brides. One of which brides, by the way—how I do envy her—has got a wedding gown all of ivory velvet that'll actually go through a wedding ring—the Lord Mayor's daughter, to wit. Also dances, am told, are going to be brighter than ever and even introduced or insinuated into the very theatre.

卐

TALKING of dances, by the way, they're starting the hunt and county balls this week as ever is with the Suffolk Hunt one that happens at the Athenæum (suitable name) at Bury St Edmunds this next Friday or Guy Fawkes night as ever is. As the poet sings:—

White gloves I love
Beside the County Hall (Bury or otherwise)

and always adore these glorious occasions all the more because, whatever happens or, at any rate, up to now, white gloves have been actually worn by *both* sexes, at suchlike functions, not as any sort of display of ancient modes, I mean, but just as a pure matter of course.

卐

BUT talking of suppers—that does follow dances more or less, doesn't it? and I don't see why we shouldn't talk of them, being the most delightful and substantially enjoyable thing that ever happens, as a rule, in a London evening—oysters, they tell me, are not quite what they were, which is an awful blow, but seems they were somehow upset and got a sort of shell-shock in the war. But, all the same, Sir Arthur Pinero's challenged Lord Peel to an oyster-eating contest, and it's hoped that *someone*, at any rate, 'll beat the previous record.

卐

APROPOS of dances, by the way, once more, don't forget the Faculty of Arts are having a great fancy dress show at Princes' on December 1st, and Mr. Jack Hylton a New Year's Eve Affair for the Middlesex Hospital at the Albert Hall, "by arrangement" with Mr. Cochran, who, of course, now runs aforesaid noble building, and, by the way, is giving a nice prize, I hear, for title for above ball. What offers? Also, people, there are present joys in the shape of the Shaw season by the Macdona Players at the Chelsea Palace, which is *always* worth seeing.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

Cloud

By A. A. T.

Look here, cloud,
Seriously,
Now.
I've been watching you all morning
Flirting
Disgracefully
With the peak of the mountain.
You change your shape every moment:
Sometimes you are a silken scarf;
Sometimes an argosy, riding in full sail;
Sometimes a wreath of silver;
Sometimes a jaunty plume
On a cavalier's hat.
You change and change,
But are always
Beautiful.
What are you?
I know your sex,
At any rate.
You are a woman—
Swift, lovely, intangible, changeable, elusive;
Yes, cloud,
I know you.

The All-important Question

A ski-ing costume in vermilion weather proof from Burberry's

This is Harrods' idea of a ski-ing kit in cheery coloured woollens

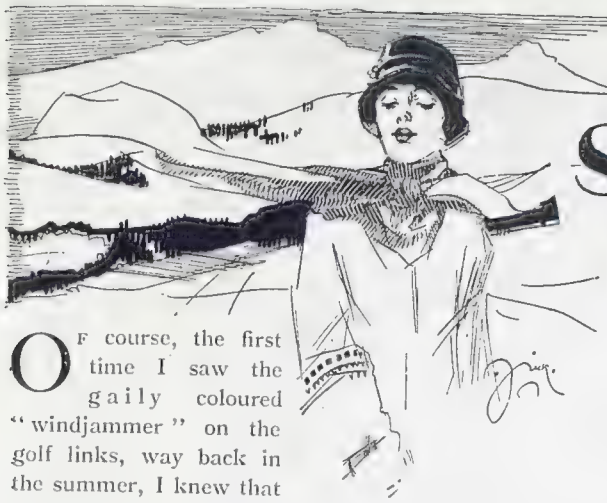
This smart outfit for the skier has been designed by Aquascutum

Two practical ski-ing suits by Harrods, one in claret-coloured cloth and the other in black weather proofing

Some of the small but very important items which can make or mar one's appearance

BY HELEN McKIE

Our artist's record of some of the forms Winter Sports Kit will take during the coming Season



Winter Sports Fashions For Switzerland

BY PRUDENCE O'SHEA

Illustrations by NICK

Of course, the first time I saw the gaily coloured "windjammer" on the golf links, way back in the summer, I knew that it would be popular later on for Swiss sports; for it is perfect. Buttoned down the side or front it is roomy and cut on blouse lines, made of *suède* which resists the wind and which throws off snow and rain so that the wearer keeps beautifully dry, and most windjammers have

"Hats are really the most practical form of headgear"

a knitted band round the hips which is very slenderising. I've said before, and I'll say it again, that the woman who can afford to ignore a slenderising line about the hips may make history, but she'll never make news.

That is one of the outstanding differences in fashion between this year and last—the presence of the windjammer. The second is the prevalence of self-colours.

Last year Woman, poor mite! thought, *"Oh to be in Switzerland now that winter's there!"* and she purchased clothes so provokingly gay, and insolent as swift repartee. When she arrived in the Engadine she found many nasty Scandinavians hanging about in ski-ing suits of dull-looking self-colours. She felt sorry for the poor Scandinavians when she thought of her merry colourings. But, my dear! . . . when she saw those Scandinavians get busy with the skis she felt sorry for herself, for they took runs and skimmed mountain-sides like birds. It became the fashion right away to wear the serious-looking self-colours, for they were a criterion of the proper outlook and the perfect execution. So this year one sees less of the Union Jack and Coat-of-Many-Colours effects, and infinitely more of the practical shades.

Among these self-colours that innocent shade of yellow known as "Banane" is very popular, and there are plenty of almond greens, marine blues, and some dark reds similar to that passionate shade which Chanel made famous in Paris about six months ago. There are, too, many coloured suits with white facings, or with facings in either a darker or a lighter shade than the rest of the garment, but in the same colour. After all, although it is very nice to have a reputation for ski-ing beautifully, it is much nicer to have a reputation for dressing beautifully. And you can't have both.

There is another little point of difference between the fashions of 1926-27 and those of 1925-26, and that is the cut of the breeches. Many women wore the "Cavalry" cut last year—wide on the hips and tailored down till they enclosed the knees tightly, lacings on the inside of the knee being employed to further the illusion of slimness there. But this was not found to be satisfactory, for if the lacings were loose a woman looked slovenly, and if they were too tight they were known to affect the circulation. We don't mind interfering with the normal heart-beat of someone else, but there's nothing in it when it happens to ourselves. So the perfect clothing for the limbs now is a garment which is not unduly full on the hips, but which eases down the leg gradually and comfortably to the boot. This gives perfect freedom of movement and is a boon because, once it is donned, one can forget one's clothes and know that everything is behaving as it should.

Although with these trousers various jackets and pull-overs are worn, the perfect garment is the tunic. This is usually made in proofed gabardine, from the surface of which the snows fall quickly, so that whether one takes a toss at bobbing, or luge-ing or ski-ing, one's clothes keep dry. If the trousers and tunic are made in a rather practical shade of banane—and don't run away with the idea that women are too practical—individual touches can always be supplied in the choice of the cap, gloves, socks and muffler. To have them all to match is, of course, the best, for this is an age of sartorial harmony. The pull-over beneath the tunic, too, should match, for if one gets hot it is nice to loosen the tunic and show a charming colour scheme throughout. This pull-over, by the by, should be knitted in a rather fine wool, so that the tunic, or windjammer, is not packed so tightly that one feels stuffed with clothes.

Although caps are the prettiest and the most flirtatious, hats are really the most practical form of headgear, because they are proofed against rain and snow, which a knitted cap never is; and also most of the proofed hats are made with brims to intercept the glare of the singularly clear light of the sun upon the snow and so protect the eyes. For the atmosphere of Switzerland is really crystalline in its strange, white transparency, and snow-blindness is no laughing matter. Besides, these hats are now made to fit and to suit. Gone are the days when a woman wore a mackintosh suit and hat with as great

"Skimmed mountain sides like birds"

a shame as if the curse of Cain were upon her. They are really charming, making some plain women pretty, while the pretty ones make the hats prettier.

I mentioned knitted gloves a moment ago, but although they are so jolly

looking they are not to be compared with stout leather gauntleted ones for comfort. The latter keep the wind out and are always dry, and the former do not. But one can get a leather glove with a gauntlet lined with gay colours so that the effect is still merry. And the muffler, if it is knitted, should be closely knitted, almost with a steel needle effect, otherwise the wide mesh will hold melting snow and cause discomfort. And remember that these woollen accessories should *never* have a brushed surface for that very reason. The ideal mufflers—and one can get them in just as lovely colours and just as warm and smart—are the kasha striped mufflers. Lots of Paris houses have found the charm of them and are giving them with very smart sports clothes, instead of a fur collar to a coat, because there is something so boyish and youthful about them. Knotted beneath the chin or on the shoulder there is a healthy Wee MacGregor *gamine* look about them which women would give their eyes for.

Remember to have large pockets in the bodice of your outfit, whether it is a windjammer or a tunic.

Now about footwear. One wears *three* pairs of hose, and I'll tell you how. First you have your silk or lisle next to your skin, because the next pair is made of goat hair which, with its natural oil, keeps dry almost always. But without the lisle or silk they would irritate a sensitive skin. Over the goat-hair socks one draws the very short

"The perfect clothing for the limbs"

sock which turns back with a brilliant border over the edge of the boot. The colours in this border express individuality and harmonise with other accessories.

It is unnecessary to emphasise, I hope, the importance of having stout boots. Some women get an attractive Gaiety-chorus effect from high-laced boots almost up to the knee, and meeting the narrow part of the "Cavalry" breeches. One sees very few of them now, for you cannot beat the long, easy breeches with the short boot and the turned-over short, decorated sock.

I knew there was something else. Checks and plaids are very popular against the sombreness of some self-fabrics. The checks one sees most of carry white and one bright colour, while the plaids are usually in three colours: green, blue and yellow; henna, cream and beige; red, wine and tan, etc., being favourite mixtures.

An overcoat is indispensable, and the smartest are those lovely pocketed voluminous things with a military flavour, or the straight up-and-down ones, also pocketed. Remember that Paris and London are advocating a combination of two fabrics, and that a kasha coat lined with a gazelle or pony or any close pelt is really very smart and suitable, as also are those kasha coats lined with brilliant leather in blue, red, banane or green. Sometimes one sees a leather coat lined with kasha. Each is equally attractive. But a point to remember is that fur collars and cuffs of the shaggy sort are not advisable if the coat is going to accompany the wearer to all sports. P. O'S.

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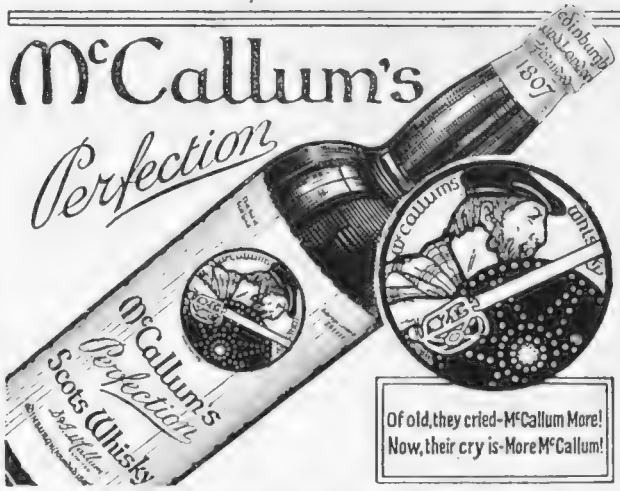

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AT MONT D'ARBOIS

A.S.A.

By MAXWELL DOUGLAS

"WHAT," asked John, as he sipped his breakfast coffee, "is the French for picnic?"

"Ask me something harder," I replied. "Ask me the Russian for ham sandwich or the Sanscrit for 'Have you seen my other ski?' Why picnic?"

"Because," said John, "there's a French girl in this hotel. She's *chic* and *petite*, and I adore her. And I adore picnics."

"And you don't know enough French to invite her to one? Shame. I think the best thing you can do is to meet her on the ski-ing slopes and fall down in front of her in French. I'll do it for you if you like. My skis are guaranteed to fall in any language."

"A good idea. 'A tumble has been arranged and will shortly take place.' Meanwhile, let's order a picnic. We'll carry it on a luge, like explorers. What shall we take?"

"We can't," I mused sadly, "have a real English picnic, which usually consists of wasps in aspic, mustard sandwiches, and butter that someone has sat on in the car. Why ——"

"Call the head waiter," said John.

The head waiter listened to my bad French in perfect courtesy and replied in English: "The luncheon-basket will be ready at ten o'clock, sir."

"I suggest," I said to John half an hour later, "that I strap you to the picnic basket and roll you down the hillside to Mégève. I will follow in a more dignified manner."

"Not likely," laughed John. "Besides, the French girl, whom I adore, went up the hill, not down. I saw her go. Her sister was with her."

"Am I permitted to adore the sister?"

John struck an attitude. "England expects," he declaimed, "that every man this day will do his duty."

"I shall do my duty towards those caviare sandwiches," I said, "How are we to find these ladies?"

"We'll follow their trail in the snow, like Lucy Gray."

"My dear chap, the last time I followed your trail, I found I'd been spooring a P.L.M. motor 'bus with skids on."

"Nonsense," snapped John, "Trail ho!"

We strode out into the sunshine, dragging our luge which bore skis and picnic basket. Below us lay a steep descent where, past a cluster of holy shrines, the hill-path wound down to Mégève. We took the narrow path that flanked the skating rink.

"Look at that sun!" I exclaimed.

"By Jove! yes," said John. "Like an incandescent peach. I wonder if there's a tin of peaches in the basket."

We tramped on. On our left rose a little wood of dark pines, their branches bowed beneath a blanket of snow.

"This air," I breathed. "It's like wine. I ——"

"I hope he put some of that Pommard in," interrupted John.

Higher we climbed. Somewhere beneath us a hidden rivulet bickered turbulently. The village was a cluster of slender spires and toy roofs far below. The ascent steepened suddenly.

"Look here," I objected. "This is a wild goose chase. I'm not going to climb this slope for anybody.

"Come on," urged John. "We'll soon catch them up. Then we'll fall down in their path and they'll have to join our picnic out of charity. That was the idea."

"No," I said firmly. "The deal's off. This lovely scenery is not to be profaned by your flirtations. Besides, I'm hungry."

John sighed.

"Perhaps," he hesitated, "you're right. She was lovely, but"—he flung open the basket-lid—"these sandwiches ——"

We sat down. "We are," I said, "in paradise. Mountains, sky, snow, and smiling valleys."

"And sandwiches," said John with his mouth full. "I'm glad we didn't——"

There was a scudding of skis, a shrill cry of "Gare!" and two slim figures came flying madly down at us. For a frantic moment we sat rooted in amazement and then became a mad tangle of arms, legs, skis, and luncheon basket. John assisted the dark girl out of the snow-drift. I did the same for her sister.

"I'm awfully sorry," she murmured. "I—we—"

"Not a word," said John gallantly. "You were hungry and it made you hurry. We understand. You'll join us, won't you?"

"Well," said the dark girl, "we——"

"I'm so glad you're English after all," beamed John. "Have some . . . have some . . . I knew I'd never be able to remember the French for *pâté de foie gras.*"

'UP AND OVER"

A skier near Mégève in the neighbourhood of Mont d'Arbois demonstrates one way of overcoming obstacles *en route*. This, however, is a method which is not recommended for the beginner

The Captain's Compliments

THE PARTNERS: The portrait on the left represents Sandeman conservatism; that on the right, Sandeman enterprise. These two characters personify the happy business combination that has controlled the policy of the House of Sandeman since 1790.

JUNIOR PARTNER: "Of course people still read Captain Marryat, sir. Which reminds me—he says in one of his books something about port!"

SENIOR PARTNER: "Ah! You're thinking of 'Peter Simple,' written as far back as 1834, to whom old Swinburne, the ship's quartermaster, said, 'The Portuguese and English have always been the best of friends, because we can't get no port wine anywhere else!'"

JUNIOR PARTNER: "'Can't get *no* port wine anywhere else,' sir?"

SENIOR PARTNER: "Never mind the grammar, my boy. There's no doubt about the meaning!"

JUNIOR PARTNER: "Quite so, sir! Port comes from Portugal—and if it doesn't, it isn't port."

SENIOR PARTNER: "Precisely! And on October 19th, 1923, just ninety years later, the Lord Chief Justice of England maintained that very point—'Port comes from Portugal and from nowhere else!'"

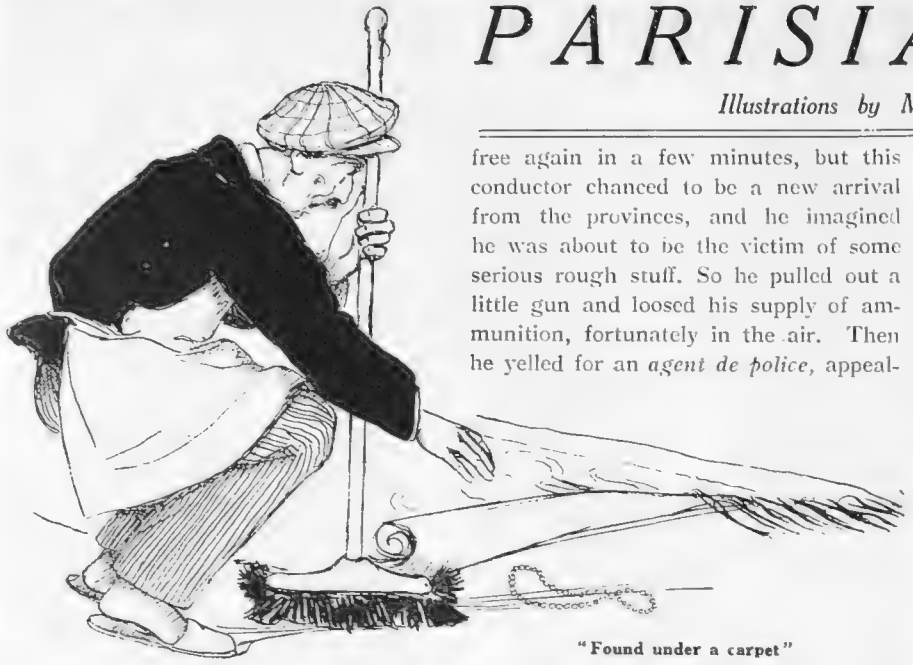
THREE STAR 6/- PICADOR 7/6 PARTNERS 9/-

SANDEMAN'S PORT

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN



"Found under a carpet"

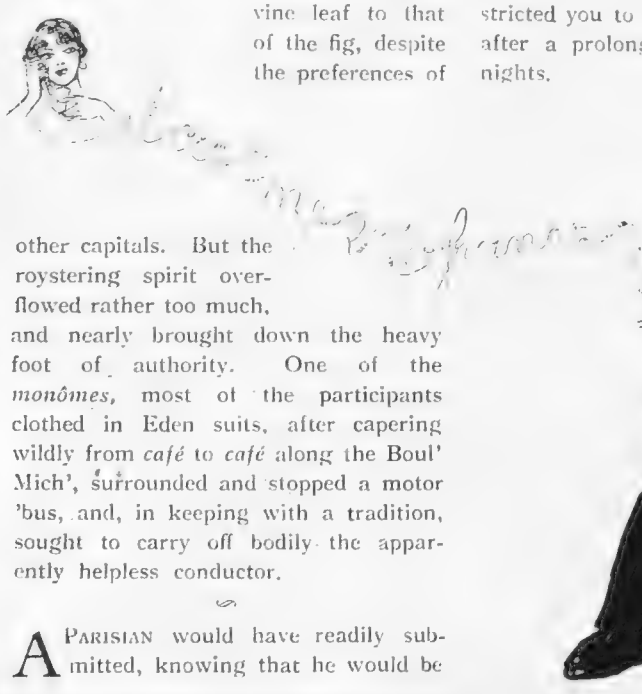
Mes Amis,—

If there is any difference in the costumes of the notorious Bal des Quat'z' Arts and the Bal de l'Internat, it amounts to about one stitch, and the excess weight is on the side of the students of art, not on the backs of the students of medicine. This point, which had been open to *contestation*, has been visibly established by the latest Bal de l'Internat, nominally housed at Bullier, but spreading itself across most of the *Quartier Latin*.

Revellers being under request, according to the terms of invitation, to conform to *costumes anciens*, conformity was obviously easiest with the most ancient costume of all, and *feuilles de vigne* were dominantly *à la mode*. Paris, incidentally, favouring the vine leaf to that of the fig, despite the preferences of other capitals. But the roystering spirit overflowed rather too much, and nearly brought down the heavy foot of authority. One of the *monômes*, most of the participants clothed in Eden suits, after capering wildly from *café* to *café* along the Boul' Mich', surrounded and stopped a motor 'bus, and, in keeping with a tradition, sought to carry off bodily the apparently helpless conductor.

A Parisian would have readily submitted, knowing that he would be free again in a few minutes, but this conductor chanced to be a new arrival from the provinces, and he imagined he was about to be the victim of some serious rough stuff. So he pulled out a little gun and loosed his supply of ammunition, fortunately in the air. Then he yelled for an *agent de police*, appealing for rescue from the *sauvages*. There happened to be an *agent* at hand, and he had no difficulty over the rescue work, as by this time it was the *internes* who felt in need of rescue, but he had a prolonged trouble in restoring the tranquillity of the conductor. He had to deliver an admonition to the students, and, later, they were warned that they had better confine their joking to their own *milieu*, under penalty of restrictions which otherwise might become necessary.

One can get a lot of fun out of the Bal de l'Internat, but one can also suffer some very disturbing shocks. *Par exemple*, there is a nasty reaction on your spleen when you come upon your doctor *fortifying himself with two bottles of champagne* as he executes the Can-can—the very doctor who has restricted you to a *régime* of Vichy water after a prolonged spell of Montmartre nights.

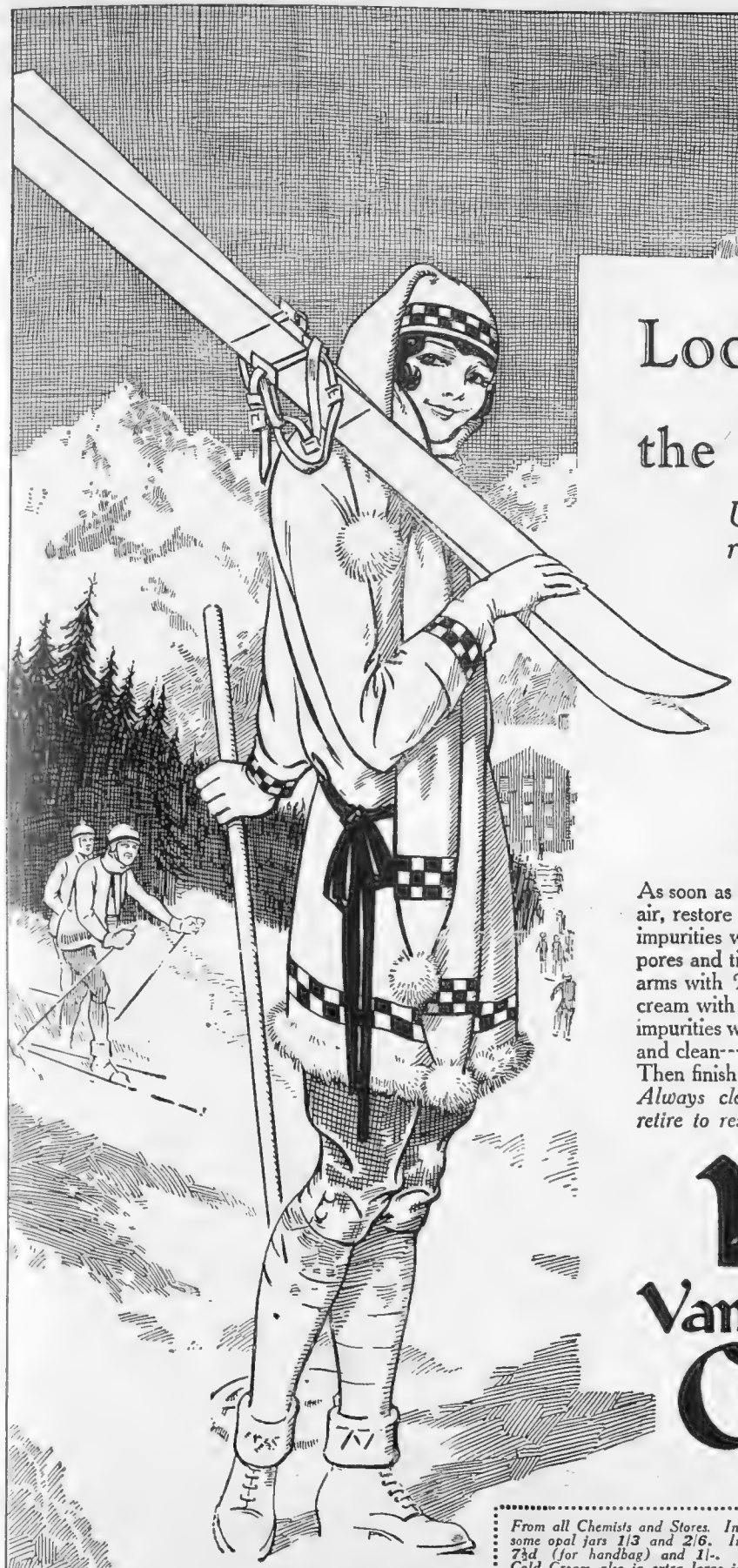


It is rather a pity that the Treasure Tower of Chantilly—which thieves walked into with so much ease that one wonders why they waited so long—was placed under the care of such traditionalists as M. Paul Bourget and Marshal Pétain, and not confided to the trust of Parisiennes *à la page*, as, probably, there would not now be cause for regret over the disappearance of the Condé rose diamond. What would have happened with Parisiennes as custodians can be gathered from the story of Mme. Martin, one of the wealthy *élégantes* who knock about quite a lot. Madame lost her famous pearl necklace, perfect and priceless, in one of the *palaces à la mode*, and did not need to complain, because its absence was evident to everybody by the reduction of the glare in the *dancing*.

"Fortifying himself with two bottles of champagne"

There was an immense disarray among the staff, from the manager down to the *enfant-chasseur*, for they wished to keep the reputation of the place clear from possible accusations of theft, but, search as they might, the necklace could not be sighted. It was only on the morrow that it was *found under a carpet* by the man who was sweeping up the ruins of the *fête*. Joyfully telephoning to the owner, the manager dilated on the honesty of the *employé* who had found it, suggesting that, as he was a *père de famille*, Madame would doubtless like to recompense him generously. "Certainly, what would you propose?" remarked the leader of fashion. "Say ten thousand francs," responded the manager. "In that case you had better

(Continued on page 424)



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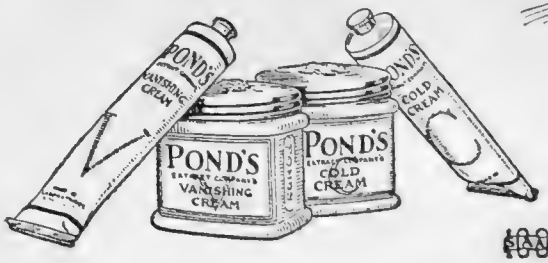

tell him to keep the necklace; *it cost me 250 francs,"* concluded Mme. Martin. Cautious Parisiennes of this type would certainly have had an imitation rose diamond available for prospective marauders at Chantilly, and the real one securely concealed in the vaults.

Gossips of Paris theatrical circles are now insisting that M. Boussac de Saint-Marc is highly to be praised for producing *Sardanapale*, a hotch-potch of ultra-modernism featuring eccentrics and other *déséquilibrés*, which, as previously mentioned in despatches, failed to capture the sympathy of even the peculiar people of the Théâtre des Arts. To support this it is explained that the author with the romantic name has allowed the public to appreciate what the current stage presentation of the abnormal and the perverted is leading to, with the expectation that the resulting nausea will bring about a reaction. But—piquant touch—M. Boussac de Saint-Marc shows greater signs of distress over being acclaimed as a reformer of the stage than about the listing of his shortcomings as an author.

Paris theatre managers, as well as playwrights, have been surprised to the degree of astonishment by the news from America that *La Prisonnière* has had a record financial success in New

"Feuilles de vigne* were dominantly *a la mode"

York. It is not so much a matter of the takings, but the fact that the American authorities allowed *La Prisonnière* to be presented to the American public. More than half the Paris dramatic critics found this play very strong meat when it was produced at the Théâtre Femina, with its story of a young husband fighting to rescue his wife from women intimates, and, in the view of most of them, it was only saved from being too unpleasant for public performance in Paris by the skilful reticence of the author.

Yet, although it has had an exceptionally long, and financially profitable, run in the Champs Elysées, there has always been such a wide gulf between what could be risked on a Paris stage and what could be offered to an Anglo-Saxon public that Paris naturally feels there must have been a complete revolution in American *mœurs* to permit such a development as the acting of *La Prisonnière*. Anyhow, those French authors who deal with audacious themes are now looking forward to a new market, and one which will be much more remunerative than the home market. Their desire for dollars can be appreciated. But they may yet discover that the New York Committee of Public Morality was on holiday when *La Prisonnière* slipped through, and that the road for successors is hard, if not barred.

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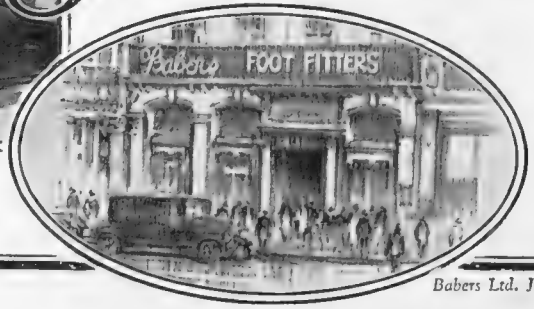

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FEMINA

DOMESTIC GADGETS

By MRS. M. VINCE

THE Institute of Patentees has just been holding its second exhibition. It is a very good idea that it marks those exhibits which are the inventions of women. There were, it is true, not very many, but though the number was small, it was very interesting to see how the women's inventions were distributed.

THE "Electrical and Wireless" section had none. The "Mechanical" had one. I am afraid that men may smile at it and say "The sort of thing a woman *would* invent." It was described as "a featherweight fitment, hand-propelled, which enables a bicycle to be walked up hill at a minimum of exertion, thereby relieving the heart of strain and giving life to the bicycle through the medium of the rhythmic action occasioned by the working of the apparatus." Somehow one cannot help smiling a little bit. It may be excellent—but it seems to be many years too late.

"MISCELLANEOUS" had several women's inventions, ranging from a "board for playing patience" to a "home-trainer for dancing," and from a "non-varicose garter" to non-slipping rubber ladder socks, which are designed to prevent ladders from slipping and so "to save the expense of a man or boy holding them." "Building and Housing," again, had two women's inventions, an improved dustbin and a window-fastener.

BUT the majority of the women's inventions were, as one might expect, under the heading "Domestic." The anti-feminist who still has secret doubts if women ought to invent things will find comfort in that fact. He will feel that the woman inventor has, after all, not strayed from her home. He will note also, with pleasure, that there is a domestic air about several of the inventions of women which the Exhibition put in other classes—the dustbin, for example, and the window-fastener. Patience is the most domestic of all games, and there is something truly domestic about the idea of rubber socks for ladders.

THE women's inventions under domestic proper included devices for sewing and cleaning, for cooking and storing. There were three window-cleaners. There was an ingenious table for bed-sitting-rooms, which opens in four sections and contains a dressing-table with a mirror, a wash-hand stand, and places for keeping china, silver and cutlery. When shut it forms a good-sized square dining-table.

THEN there was a "Fly-killer and Floor-polisher combined." It is an odd combination—like some of the old inn signs, "The Cow and Snuffers" or the "Goose and Gridiron." John Leech did a drawing of a room which looked as if a bomb had exploded in it, but it was only the result of the efforts of an irascible gentleman to kill a blue-bottle. What an excellent advertisement that picture would make for the combined Fly-killer and Floor-polisher side by side with a picture of a room in which nothing had been disturbed, except the fly, and in which the housemaid was quietly engaged in changing her killer into a floor-polisher again! But, somehow, I think that people who see red when the flies buzz will continue to use dusters or handkerchiefs or slippers, or whatever else comes to hand.

ONE of the simplest—but I think it would be one of the most useful—inventions was a rubber band for fitting on to the bottom of buckets, coal scuttles, and hot-water jugs to prevent them from marking carpets, polished floors and linoleum, if they were carelessly put down on them.

BUT easily the most interesting of the women's inventions shown was the Hotlock, which, by means of Dally's small squares of slow combustion fuel, or by electricity, can keep food hot for several hours at the cost of a few farthings. Its chief value is obviously for hotels and hospitals and restaurants, particularly those restaurants which send out meals ready cooked to private houses. It has been tested and approved for aeroplanes, and it should be very useful for motor car picnics. But in houses and flats where no maid is kept, or the maid comes only in the day, it would enable the whole dinner to be cooked in advance, and served with very little trouble.

APART from the women's inventions there were a number of interesting devices. There were several for economising fuel in cooking on gas stoves, of which the simplest is the half-pot, which has one side straight, so that two fit together over the one burner. Now, too, there is a kettle with straight sides, which can stand on the middle of the burner, with a half-pot on either side of it.

THEN there was an ingenious and attractive vessel, half jug, half tea-pot, or rather a teapot in the form of a jug. Its lid contained a strainer to catch the tea leaves, and had the additional advantage that it did not need to be held on, however far over the jug was tipped. But its chief merit was that the spout was in this lid and did not project. A teapot without a spout must seem as strange and revolutionary a thing to the older tea-drinkers as a ship without sails must have seemed to the sailors of a hundred years ago. Can the tea possibly taste the same? But the spout is the teapot's weakness, the part which always gets in the way, and which always gets broken. Like Cyrano's nose, it has always been the teapot's most distinctive feature—and the cause of all the trouble.

Vaughan and Freeman

NEWLY MARRIED

Mrs. Frank Earl Delbarrio, who was formerly Miss Vera Stanton, and was in the cast of "Aloma" at the Adelphi. Mr. and Mrs. Delbarrio have a house at Prince's Gate and a villa at Biarritz

A CHILD WONDER

Mlle. Andrée Rolane, the French child actress who takes the part of Cosette in the film version of "Les Misérables." This has been showing exclusively at the Rialto Theatre

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

IT is an astonishingly vivid portrait that Emil Ludwig paints in his *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* (Putnams: 21*s.* net). You are shown the man for what he was, an actor, a bully, and a cad. There is no mincing words: you are given the whole meretricious story, from the time when he was hoping for his ill-fated father's death to that ignominious flight into Holland. You are shown the drama of Bismarck and the Eulenberg scandals as on a stage, and almost every chapter reads like romance. There have been biographies galore of this "most splendid failure," as King Edward VII once called him, but never before so richly dramatic and so boldly outspoken a sketch. And one is glad to see that the translation has been put into safe hands. It would be difficult to imagine a fitter translator than Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, who manages to convey to us in almost every line the author's vivid and virile prose. It is an unforgettable book.

✲

A RATHER different picture of those who surrounded the Emperor in his days of glory is given by Miss Anne Topham in her *Chronicles of the Prussian Court* (Hutchinson: 21*s.* net). Miss Topham was governess to the Kaiser's only daughter for a period of seven years, 1902-1909. It was a not unexciting period, and even then, it would seem, those about the Court were talking of "a" War, and allowing the Englishwoman to see how envious they really were of things English, and how cordially they hated us. A gracious portrait is given of the Empress, but the Kaiser is shown in his blustering and vulgar moods, not always without a certain charm, but never what in this country is called a gentleman. The illustrations are many and varied.

MISS IDA LASCELLES

Whose first novel, "The Silver Lullaby," recently published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., Ltd., has achieved a great success

BYRON'S *Don Juan* is not a poem for everybody, but there will be many readers who will enjoy it in the new and most sumptuous dress designed for it by Mr. John Austen (Bodley Head: 21*s.* net). Mr. Austen is what people call a "modernist," but he manages to "catch" the period exceedingly well. He is bold and unexpected, and sometimes a little naughty, which is exactly what the poem itself has always been held to be.

✲

HOW Mr. A. P. Herbert finds time to do all the things that he does I do not know. Plays and novels and verses and revues and wicked little articles – they come in a stream and maintain an astonishingly high standard. And I am glad to welcome his *She-Shanties* (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.* net), which are about as amusing a collection of frolicsome lyrics as you are likely to find anywhere. Don't miss them, there is not one which will not start you chuckling.

✲

ANOTHER of Mr. Rowland Johns's "doggy" books has just been published. *Let Dogs Delight* (Methuen: 6*s.* net) is just as fascinating as its predecessors. If—as I hope and trust you love dogs, you will revel in these sketches and stories, quaint and gay and heart-stirring and sometimes a little sad, of all sorts and conditions of dogs; and if—perish the thought!—you are a dog-hater, you will be unable to continue in your evil ways, for Mr. Johns's books, I swear, will convert you.

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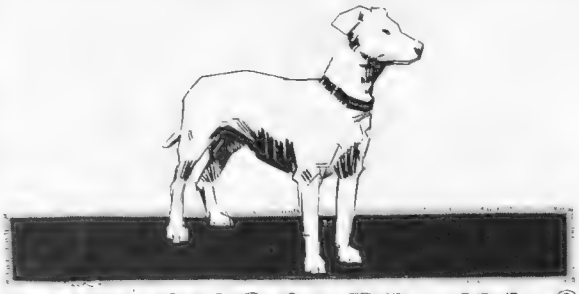

UNNECESSARY ILLS

A QUESTION OF BREEDING

By "THE KENNELMAN"

An ex-hospital nurse, now occupied as a professional canine nurse in London, is good enough to write to the effect that last week's Notes about the care of Dogs in winter were "as timely as they are sensible." This specially qualified correspondent adds:—

"If the whole of your advice in such matters were acted upon by those who keep Dogs my present profession might be less profitable. At least, we canine nurses and doctors would have less work; but I, for one, shouldn't regret that. I think we all resent what you might call the unnecessary Doggy ills; of which the bulk is due to incorrect feeding, and most of the remainder to rheumatic and allied ailments due to faulty accommodation, and inadequate exercise. With regard to feeding, you are doubly, trebly right to insist on recognition of the fact that the Dog is a carnivorous animal, and that snacks between meals are an abomination. One light meal and one that is substantial, and not one crumb more at any time—that is the correct thing for the grown Dog in health, with plenty of fresh, clean water all the time. Punctual service, measured quantities, no food ever left with the Dog, and no coaxing or tempting; these are the golden rules for canine diet and health; with, as you rightly stipulate, not less than fifty per cent. animal and flesh food to fifty farinaceous, and no sloppy messes, everything crisp and fresh, the dryer the better.

"Exercise in spasmodic bursts is almost worse than useless; it's the systematic, regular allowance that benefits. Three parts of the rheumatic and kindred troubles are due to inconsiderate human stupidity. Dogs want plenty of fresh air, of course, in sleeping quarters or elsewhere. But they want it in the right place: that is, well overhead, and never in the form of draughts across their sleeping benches; from overhead windows, not from ground-level openings, holes, cracks, etc. Remember, they don't use bed-clothes, and need perfect dryness, and reasonable warmth on the bed level. Also, there's the peril of the hearth-rug; the nose-toasting all evening beside a fender."

Another reader supplies what might almost be called an essay on the character of the Bull-Terrier; most interesting, but far too long for reproduction here. The modest writer says that as he has bred this variety for no more than three and a half years he is in no position to lay down the law. Though almost put off the breed by the tales told him of its ineradicably bellicose nature, he is now convinced that "the Bull-Terrier not only is not quarrelsome or a bully, but, so far as my experience goes, he is perhaps the most teachable, the most devoted, and the most good-natured Dog living. *But* the buyer needs to know his Dog's antecedents. When bull-baiting went out, Dog-baiting and fighting came in, and the Bull-Terrier was bred for it. All that belongs to the distant past; but there are ill-advised people who still bring up pups of the breed in such a way as to stimulate pugnaciousness in them. Old and dormant instincts are roused into activity, and, as fighters, such Dogs are invincible gluttons. Sanely bred, the Bull-Terrier is as affable as any Bulldog, and no more inclined to brawling than the average gentleman, human or canine; game and fearless, yes, but as gentle, loving, patient, and devoted as anything on four feet, and quite wonderfully intelligent." High praise; but the Kennelman believes it to be deserved, and so, apparently, do a good many others, for statistics show the breed to be making good and steady progress.

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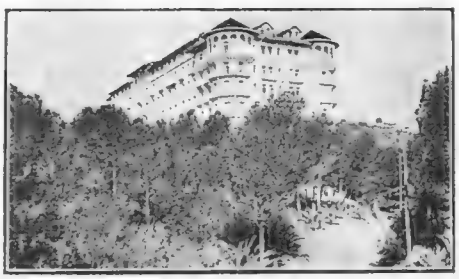

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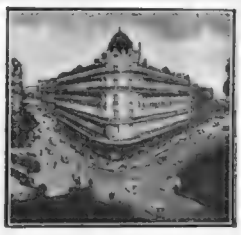

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

FALLING INTO A TRAP

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

I suppose all of us fall into traps now and again, sometimes through carelessness and inattention, but more often through greediness. We are so anxious to try the slammy business, and we cannot resist the temptation of having a shot for it even when our Bridge conscience tells us that it is very wrong.

Being subject to human frailty myself, I can never be very severe on players who take long shots sometimes, even when there is no necessity. All the same, it is galling to see a rubber thrown away quite unnecessarily through a player falling into a simple trap devised by the enemy.

. . . . .

The case in point looks, when all four hands are set down in print, very bad and blatant, but there were extenuating circumstances, as I shall explain, and you must forget you know all four hands when you judge the issue.

Here are the hands :—

S.—10, 5.
H.—A, 9, 8, 4, 3, 2.
D.—Q, 6.
C.—9, 5, 2.

S.—K, Q, 8, 3, 2.
H.—Q, J, 6.
D.—10, 7.
C.—J, 10, 7.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S.—9, 7.
H.—10.
D.—K, J, 5, 4, 2.
C.—Q, 8, 6, 4, 3.

S.—A, J, 6, 4.
H.—K, 7, 5.
D.—A, 9, 8, 3.
C.—A, K.

Score : Game all. Z dealt and bid "One No Trump"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Two Hearts"; B, "No bid"; Z, "Two No Trumps." All pass. A opened the 3 of Spades, Y played 5, B 9, and Z took the trick with the Jack. Z then led King of Hearts, on which A played the 6, Y the 2, and B the 10.

Z followed with the 7 of Hearts, on which A played the *Queen* (!), Y the Ace, and B discarded the 3 of Clubs. Z could not now make game. Y's hand was killed, and all Z made was two Spades, two Hearts, one Diamond, and two Clubs, one shy of his contract.

. . . . .

Now you may say that Z's play was criminal when, by not taking the second Heart, he had certain game. But you must allow for Z's deductions.

On the first Heart, B played the 10. On the second Heart, A played the Queen. Was it not natural that Z should think the Jack was going to drop, in which case all the Hearts were good, and he might make probably a little slam, or certainly five by cards?

You have to allow for that. A's play to the second Heart trick was clever. It could do no harm, and might deceive Z, which we know it did.

If he had played the Jack, Z would probably not have put up Dummy's Ace.

Of course, Z was wrong. He ought to have allowed for the possibility of A's ruse and been content with certain game. But I am quite sure that numerous players would make the same mistake and fall into the little trap laid by A.

. . . . .

But while Z was blameworthy in his play, I consider he was still more at fault in his bidding. When Y bid "Two Hearts," Z was entirely wrong to bid "Two No Trumps." His hand was excellent for Hearts, and was not nearly so good for No Trumps. All my sympathies are for Y, who was the sufferer all round. He could have gone game in Hearts, and the fact that his partner could have gone game in No Trumps and didn't was rubbing it in.

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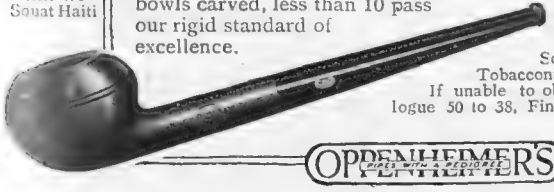
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MOTOR NOTES

A MOVABLE FEAST

A picnic lunch and a car form the ideal combination for a day in the country. In this case, the car is a Singer Six-cylinder 14/34 h.p. Saloon

THE Motor Show is now over and done with, and overworked manufacturers and agents are slowly recovering from the strain of the eight most strenuous days which they have spent for many years. From opening to closing the Show was crammed with visitors, and it is satisfactory to report that a reasonable proportion of them were actual purchasers. I always extend my sympathy to those who have to spend their time on the various Exhibition stands, as I have "had some" myself. The strain of answering questions, of being polite, and of endeavouring to obtain orders for twelve hours per day is one of the most exhausting mental exercises which can be imagined. Most of the exhibitors are very satisfied with the result of the Show, in spite of industrial disturbances and the general suggestion that money is very tight, there seems to be sufficient to purchase more than a few cars. The agents appear distinctly optimistic, as shown by the large number of orders which they have placed for delivery during the forthcoming season. It must be borne in mind that these cars have not been ordered by the actual users, but their number indicates the anticipation that a considerably increased number of motor cars will be wanted next year.

* * *

ONE of the most striking features of the late Exhibition was the Daimler "Double Six," a car which I consider marks a distinct advance in automobile engineering. For some seasons past the majority of manufacturers have been engaged on perfecting their ordinary models and have not had time or, perhaps, the inclination to strike out on any new lines of development. The Daimler Co., Ltd., have given us a car such as few had anticipated. It has a twelve-cylinder engine which is rated at 49 h.p. and develops over 160 h.p. on the bench. The multiplicity of the cylinders results in the most even turning movement of the crankshaft, with the result that the car has a most amazing top gear performance. With a large saloon body speeds between two m.p.h. and eighty-two m.p.h. may be obtained without a change of gear. This is a truly astounding performance for any car.

* * *

THE present tendency is to split the number of explosions over as large a number of cylinders as possible, thus securing light stresses on the working parts, and securing a more even turning movement, and increased reliability on the various components. In the Daimler "Double Six" the makers have gone even farther, and have combined the advantages of the multi-cylinder engine with those of the double sleeve-valve Knight engine. This is one of the few engines which improves with use, and

(*Continued on page 436*)

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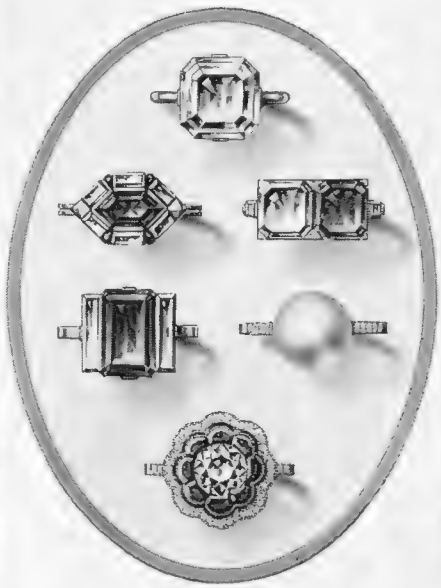

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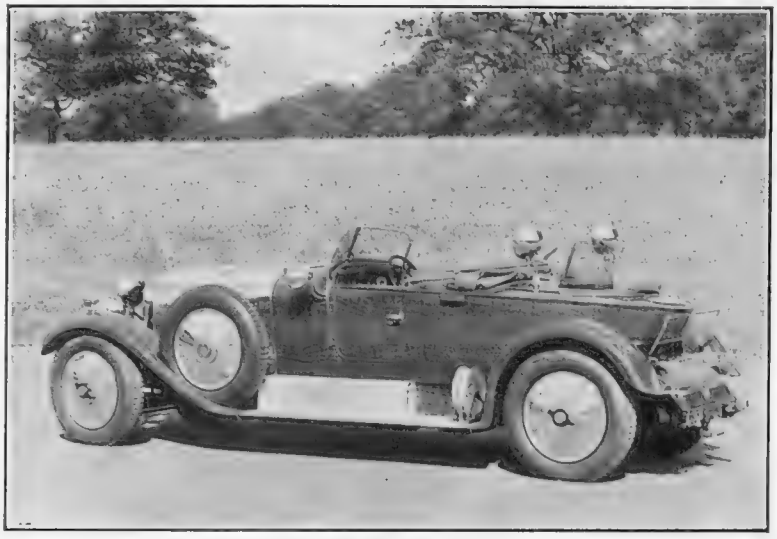
***

EVERYONE connected either with the manufacture or sale of Citroën motor cars always looks forward to the annual function during Show Week, when they are the guests of M. Andre Citroën, one of the cheeriest car manufacturers in existence. This year's luncheon, held in the middle of the Exhibition Week, was notable for the fact that M. Citroën had invited about 200 of his French agents to this country, so that they might study British methods of salesmanship and have an opportunity of comparing leading British cars with their own products. Needless to say, the function was an entire success, the outstanding feature of enjoyment being the witty speech (in English) by M. Citroën. One of his most striking remarks was to the effect that they made one of the cheapest cars in the world, which justified them in owning what are perhaps the most expensive showrooms in the world in Devonshire House. But the Citroën cars always prove good value for their money, and are deservedly popular.



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***

H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY, who has owned a six-cylinder Sunbeam for some considerable time past, has honoured the Sunbeam Co. with a further order through the Car Mart, Ltd., for one of the new 35 h.p. eight-cylinder Sunbeams, which has now been delivered to His Highness. The chassis is of the standard straight-eight type, while the body is a specially built enclosed-drive limousine. This is cellulose finished in a soft shade of blue-grey, with the head and mouldings in black. In addition to the head and side lamps, two extra lamps for use in foggy weather are mounted on the dumb-irons. There are also three spot lights on this model.

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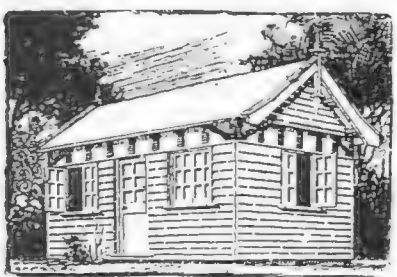

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Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating, and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler.	Capacity in Lineal ft. Pipes.	Diam. of Tapping.	Diam. of Smoke Pipe.	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe.
No. 4 16in. × 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 17 6
„ 5 16in. × 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 7 0
„ 6 16in. × 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 18 6
„ 7 16in. × 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 11 0

GREENHOUSE.	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE.	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	× 4	× 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	× 40	× 10
„ 5 „	12	× 45	× 8	„ 5 „	40	× 40	× 10
„ 6 „	12	× 56	× 8	„ 6 „	40	× 45	× 10
„ 7 „	12	× 64	× 8	„ 7 „	45	× 45	× 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.

Telegrams "Newton, Sheffield". **Estab. 1793.** *Telephone: Ecclesfield 71 & 72.*

PAVOTS d'ARGENT

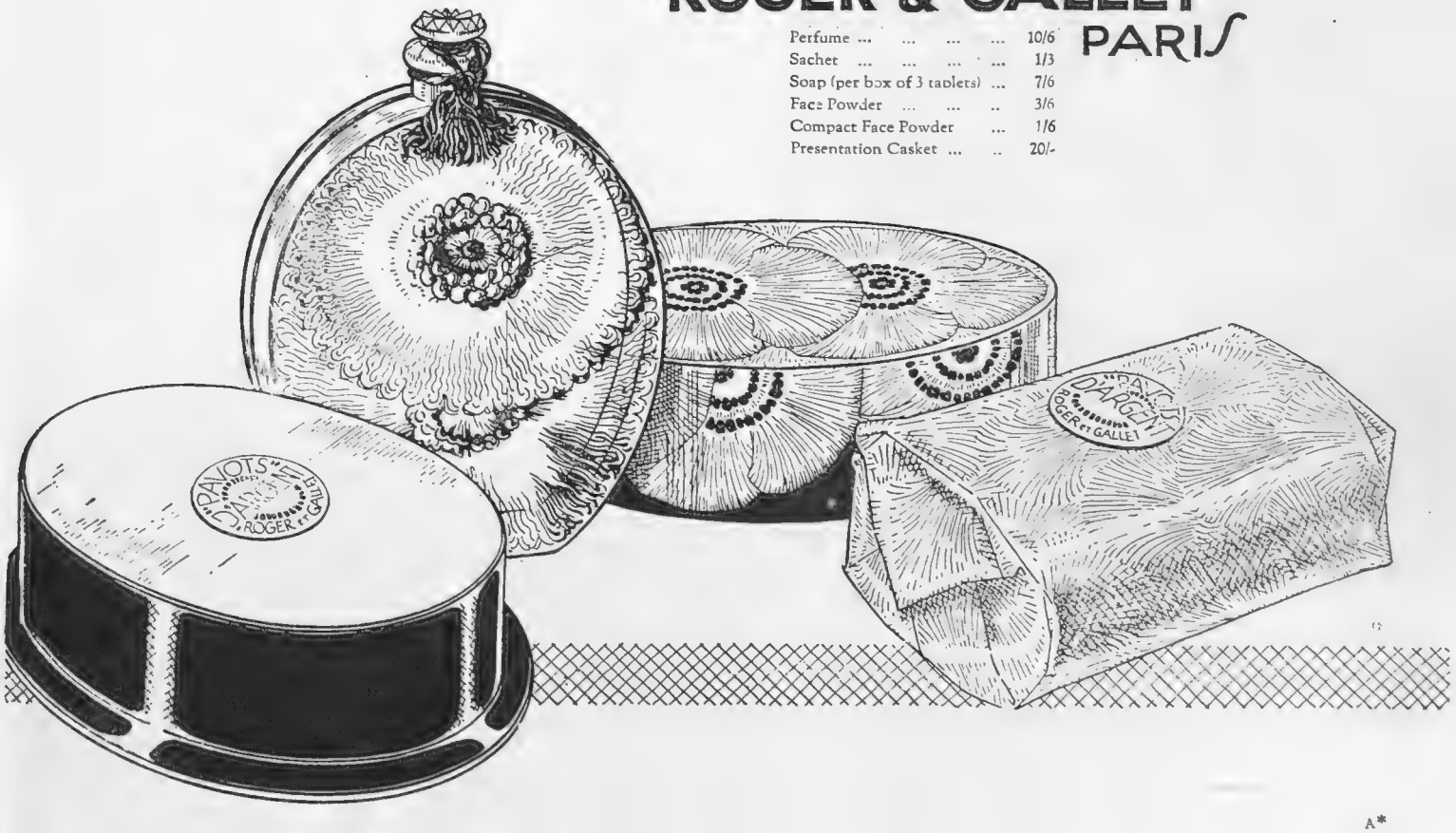
(SILVER POPPIES)

This is a new perfume, truly unique in inspiration and appeal. It is created especially for the service of the few and is fittingly presented in a guise of rare distinctiveness by the great French Artist Lalique.

ROGER & GALLET

PARIS

Perfume	10/6
Sachet	1/3
Soap (per box of 3 tablets) ...	7/6
Face Powder	3/6
Compact Face Powder ...	1/6
Presentation Casket	20/-



WINTER LIFE IN SWITZERLAND

Central Press Photo.

Intending Visitors to Switzerland for the Winter Sports can obtain all information from the

SWISS FEDERAL RAILWAYS

LONDON: Carlton House, 11b, Regent Street, S.W.1.

PARIS: 37, Boulevard des Capucines.

Illustrated booklets, map, hotel guide, fare lists and time tables supplied free on application.

TICKETS ISSUED.

ST. MORITZ

ENGADINE—SWITZERLAND

6000 feet Alt.

THE WORLD'S CENTRE OF WINTER SPORTS

Excellent Weather and Snow Conditions from December to April

2nd OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES, 1928

(FEBRUARY)

GRINDELWALD

(Switzerland)

is the cradle of Winter Sports. The dry atmosphere renders intense cold in Grindelwald easily bearable. The gentle slopes on the sunny side of the village are preferred by ski-ers during very cold weather; the Alpiglen and Maennlichen slopes, which from November to April are never bare of snow, are in favour during warmer weather. The Grindelwald ski-ing slopes are at an altitude between 5,400 feet and 6,500 feet; the Sport Trains run to an altitude of 4,500 feet; the start of the Bob Run is at an altitude of 4,700 feet. 200,000 square feet of ice is at the disposal of Skaters, Curlers and Hockey Players.

BEAR GRAND HOTEL: 200 rooms. 60 baths. Inclusive terms from 17 francs.

REGINA HOTEL ALPENRUHE: 150 rooms. Inclusive terms from 15 francs.

The

Ideal Winter Sports G.H.Q.

CURLING . BOBBING . SKI-ING

SKATING . HOCKEY

All in the immediate neighbourhood of

THE

GRAND HOTEL

Montreux-Territet

(Lake Geneva)

KURSAAL . DANCING . CONCERTS

GRANT'S B.P.

A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Distiller's Art

The Hall Mark of Quality

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd.
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown
and at
82 Gordon Street, Glasgow

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:
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Wine Merchants to H.M. The King
153 Regent Street, W.1.

KANDERSTEG

4,000feet. Lötschberg-Simplon-Line.

ALL WINTER SPORTS.

19 Hours from London.

Through Carriages and Sleeping Cars from Calais and Paris.

EASTERN RAILWAY OF FRANCE

WINTER in the VOSGES.

(End December to end March.)

GERARDMER

Ice Skating Rinks—Ski-ing, Bob-sleighing and Lugeing.

Fetes and Competitions during the Season.

Comfortable and well-heated Hotels

BERNESE OBERLAND

FIRST-CLASS
WINTER SPORTS CENTRE.

Prospectus, Hotel Price Lists from

BERNESE OBERLAND OFFICIAL TOURIST OFFICE,
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LES RASSES

SWITZERLAND (Vaud.) *4,000 Feet alt.*

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE CENTRE FOR
ALL WINTER SPORTS

THE GRAND HOTEL

LEADING IN EVERY RESPECT. 150 Beds
35 Private Apartments with Bath. Fine Cooking.

SUNSHINE—HEALTH—GAIETY—ORCHESTRA

8 hours from PARIS———2 hours from LAUSANNE.

Ask for Illustrated Booklet and terms to the DIRECTION.
Ed. BAIERLÉ & SON.

ANDERMATT 4,700ft. a.s.

near the St. Gothard line.

THE FINEST PLACE FOR REAL WINTER SPORTS.
MAXIMUM OF SNOW AND SUNSHINE.

Indoor entertainments a special feature at
DANIOTH'S GRAND HOTEL

Inclusive Board 15/- to 18/-.
MUCH REDUCED TERMS FROM FEBRUARY.

ENGELBERG.

The Windless Valley of Central Switzerland, 3,400 feet.
Gerschnialp 4,300 feet and Trübsee 6,000 feet. Funiculars. First Class Winter Sport Centre.

There are the following attractions: CATTANI FIGURE SKATING CLUB. EXCELLENT SKI-ING. TOBOGGAN AND BOBSLEIGHING. CURLING, COVERED "CURLING RINK."

A FIRST CLASS FRENCH ORCHESTRA has been engaged for the coming season. Magnificent Ball Room open every night.

GRAND HOTEL, KURHAUS, and REGINA HOTEL, TITLIS. First Class FAMILY HOTELS, 600 Beds.

Terms, including all taxes, from 14/-. CATTANI BROS., *Proprietors.*

The New Tip

"I've never met a cigarette with a tip like this before."

"That's one of the De Reszke Virginias with the new 'Ivory' tip—the tip that makes other tips back numbers. You'll find that delicate sheath, with its satin-smooth surface, very agreeable to the touch of your pretty lips. And you don't have to throw the cigarette away if you do accidentally light it the wrong end, for 'Ivory' tips are tasteless and odourless. As for the tobacco—well, it's De Reszke. Can one say more?"

"IVORY"-TIPPED *or* PLAIN

DE RESZKE

Virginias

20 for a shilling

Other De Reszke Cigarettes include *American*, 25 for 1/10; *American de Luxe* (Hand Made), 25 for 2/-; *Tenor* (Turkish), 25 for 3/2
You are invited to try these cigarettes as our guest at the De Reszke Salon, 86 Piccadilly, London, W.1. (J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd.)

The Cyclax method keeps your skin soft and fair all through the winter months

YOUR skin needs special care now that Autumn has set in in good earnest. Mrs. Hemming has studied the English skin for twenty-five years and she has evolved a series of wonderful preparations to help it in its battle with the English climate. She will tell you how to protect and feed your skin daily, so that all through the winter your face will be like a flower in tone and texture.

Everything in Mrs. Hemming's treatment is very simple and meets a definite need. The basis of it is her wonderful skin food which she makes up in different strengths to suit different types of skin. You can feel it doing your skin good as its cool, rich creaminess sinks deep into the pores, reviving tissues and toning up lazy muscles. For cleansing, Mrs. Hemming believes in soap and water, but a soap of her own so soothing that it is a beauty treatment in itself. To close the pores and make the skin fine in texture there are Cyclax Braceine and Cyclax Complexion Milk.

Cyclax Lotions for day use and Cyclax powder not only protect your skin, they carry on the good work of nourishing and whitening it.

COME to-day to the Cyclax Salons, 58 South Molton Street, for a cup of tea and a free consultation about your own special difficulties. If you, very wisely, decide to try a treatment, you will be amazed how soft and refreshed your skin will feel after it. But you can do wonders at home by choosing the right Cyclax preparations and using them daily in the right order.

CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION is the only thing of its kind. You use it once or twice a week and it works amazingly quickly. It makes your skin wonderfully white and transparent in a very short time. Prices 5/6, 10/6 and 20/-

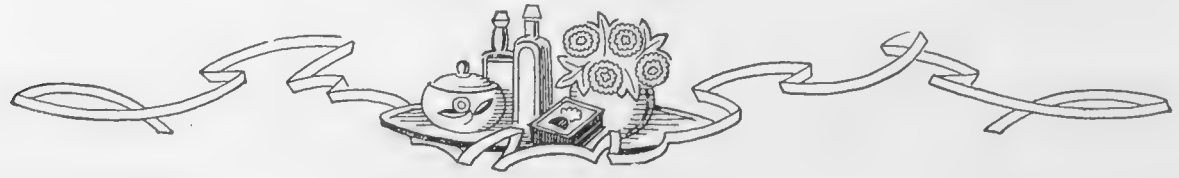
CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION is made in various thicknesses and shades, so that you can choose the best for the texture and colouring of your skin. Its delicate bloom not only protects your skin, but clears and nourishes it. Prices 4/6, 8/6, 16/- and 30/-

CYCLAX BRACEINE splashed on the face after washing, gently closes up the pores and tightens the muscles, leaving the skin beautifully smooth and fine textured, ready for the final touches of lotion and powder. Prices 7/6, 15/- and 28/-

CYCLAX SKIN FOOD is the only cream that braces and nourishes at the same time. It sinks deep into the tissues under the skin, feeding and toning them so that the surface becomes smooth and firm. Prices 4/-, 7/6, 15/- and 28/-

CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK should be used alternately with the Skin Food. It makes the skin smooth, prevents open pores and relaxed muscles. Best of all it helps to produce that beautiful creamy whiteness we all admire. Prices 4/-, 7/6 and 28/-

CYCLAX FACE POWDER Here, at last, is the perfect powder, which actually nourishes your skin. Mrs. Hemming will make it up in any shade. Its delicate, even bloom lasts for hours without any need for "repairs." Prices 3/6 and 6/6



Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Economy of Pure Silk for Washing Blouses

THERE never has been, and one can readily assume there never will be, anything to surpass the Celes *crêpe de Chine* for washing blouses, nor yet more attractive models—for these people reserve to themselves the right of making up their own materials—which are always perfectly cut and handled with tailored precision. To accord with the lasting character of Celes, the workmanship is devised to withstand the same amount of wear and tear. While a thread is left in a Celes blouse—and the wear frequently runs into years—the garments retain all their original shape and form. No amount of laundering can disturb the serenity of anything carrying the name of Celes. The firm, moreover, step with the times, and never fail to provide the whim of the moment, which now stands fast and firm by the overblouse, a type that conforms to the slim, boyish figure of the day, and is likewise becoming to larger forms, since it leaves so much to the imagination. That slurring over of a waist to a hip line at once brings the neatest of shirt blouses into line with the prevailing silhouette; a fact well appreciated by the firm's designers, who never allow a season to dawn without bringing forth new models, together with fresh expressions of their beautiful all-silk fabric. Two of the latest examples are pictured.

A Shingled Headdress

THE more one sees and learns of the art underlying *postiche* work the more intriguing it becomes. Although on every side there is evidence enough of the daily increasing demand, there are just a few names to be counted on the fingers of one hand, that stand out as touching the pinnacle of perfection. Prominent among these is that of Mr. David Nicol, proprietor and active genius of the Maison Nicol, 70, New Bond Street, W. This artist, bringing all his long and wide experience to bear on the subject, has no rival in the shingled headdress which so many women are now adopting.

At the moment he is naturally deeply interested in the study of the contour of the head, since that is so clearly revealed in shingling, and he is an adept in covering defects, and accentuating good points, that frequently were never suspected under dressed heads. Every aspect is studied, the back and apex of the head and the profile, the latter being far more important than the majority realise. To meet the growing feeling for a boyish cut, which has more to it than the crude Eton crop, Mr. Nicol has designed the headdress pictured. This has a hidden parting, and a softness about the face that is extraordinarily pleasing, one side raised to suggest a slightly crested effect, and the fashionable Spinelly curl on the cheek. This in every way is an arresting development of the close crop, without the hardness and unsuitability of the Eton with evening dress. For the many older women who are now falling to the lure of the shingled headdress, the Maison Nicol is showing some singularly happy and suitable "Nonettas." These are fuller in form, dressed with side or centre partings or pompadours, according to taste and the personality of the wearer—a matter of judgment that can be safely left in these experienced hands.

THE PERFECT PROFILE

A shingled *coiffure* adopted by Mr. David Nicol of the Maison Nicol, 70, New Bond Street, W., which brings out the best points in the profile. It has a hidden parting and the fashionable curl on the cheek

THE CHARM OF *CREPE DE CHINE*

Two of the latest examples of the over blouse which is so much in favour. The material used is Celes *crepe de Chine* which has remarkable wearing qualities

Sketch by Betty Nisbet

Preparing for the Swiss Sports

PEOPLE are taking a greater liking every year for this ideal way of spending the winter months. And there is no firmer confirmation of this than the annual display of suitable dress made by Burberry, Haymarket, a house that takes the matter seriously and understands it from A to Z. Every Wednesday a mannequin display is held, in a *salon* got up with appropriate scenery.

Equal attention is accorded to varieties of colour and the useful black and neutral tones in gabardine and solgardine fabrics that, akin with Burella, Retniw and Solax, all exclusive to the firm, are wind- and waterproof, and yet possessed of certain desirable ventilating qualities, and while warm are light of weight. A Burberry prevents overheating, a quite possible contingency when the sun is high in the heavens, yet promotes a glow which the body retains, no matter what climatic changes are encountered. Moreover, the above-mentioned materials are so smooth and closely woven that it is impossible for the snow to lodge on them. Taking into consideration the inevitable limitations, there is a remarkable amount of variety. A ski suit, for example, can be arranged with Jodhpur legwear or trousers that buckle at the ankle. Or, again, perhaps breeches are preferred, accompanied by high boots or putties.

In the coats there is even more choice, some being belted with either convertible or straight fronts, others hanging plain. A notably smart example seen in these *salons* is a blue Burella skating costume having a coat fashioned like those worn by Scotchmen with kilts, supplemented by a high to the neck attached waistcoat. A black Burella ski-ing or luge-ing costume has the belted coat inlet with points of jade-green, and completed by a brewer's cap with green tassel and green mitts.

Especially noticeable as sensible and comfortable are Burberry's little pull-on stitched hats to match the suits. These have flexible brims for pulling over the eyes in sunlight, while drawn down all

round they protect the whole head. A special illustrated catalogue has been issued, from which much useful information can be obtained by those who are unable to visit the Haymarket establishment.

Symbolic Monograms

FROM a small brochure got up with the fastidiousness and artistry one always associates with the name of Liberty, which has just reached me, I gather that something entirely unique in hidden monograms and initials is now available at Regent Street. The firm have taken as an emblem whereon to base this latest contribution to *bijouterie*, at just the right moment, too, in view of Christmas presents, the age-old Chinese Shou, the literal meaning of which is ten thousand years, the equivalent of our long life. To the Taoist this is the highest form of happiness. Laotse, the founder of the faith, was deified under the name of Shou-Lao, the God of a thousand years. And from the original ideograph Liberty have succeeded in adapting a supremely interesting symbol for these hidden monograms. The brochure gives various illustrated examples of rings, pendants, sleeve links, and brooches variously expressed in platinum and 18 carat white gold, which may be plain or set with precious stones. Messrs. Liberty are certain this innovation will make a wide appeal to those of discriminating taste, and in selecting Shou feature one of the most remarkable emblems of Chinese art. They will be pleased to submit designs and estimates free of charge.

STRAWBERRIES IN AUTUMN!

Strawberry pickers on one of the farms of Messrs. Chivers gathering a special variety of strawberry, which bore a luxuriant crop of fruit a week or two ago. This late crop grew after the normal pickings had been made from the same plants in June and July

Motoring Rugs

The sudden cold snap which took place just prior to the opening of the Exhibition directed the attention of car owners to the question of rugs. These will certainly be interested in the Motex rugs, which are produced in most effective shades of rich silk pile, pure camel-hair pile, and velour pile at prices ranging from three guineas to £9.

THE "EXCELSIOR" SKI BOOT

These may be inspected at the most prominent stores.

For the Snows

For ski-ing to be enjoyable it is essential to be possessed of boots which can be really relied upon to serve the wearer without fault during a run. Such boots are not too easy to find, but Messrs. G. H. Hutchings and Co., Ltd., of Bristol and London, have produced a boot which is excellent in every way. The "Excelsior" is a strong, pliant boot fashioned in brown Zug calf, which is as smart as it is strong.

Concerning Wine

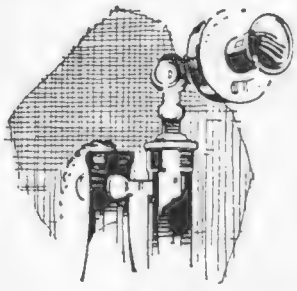
Connoisseurs of wine will no doubt be interested in the reports received by Messrs. Hedges and Butler from their correspondents in the various vine-growing districts. The weather conditions during the last summer have resulted in the quantities of grapes being smaller than usual. The quality of

Rain, Snow or Fog—your footwear will never lose its brilliance if you use

'NUGGET'
BOOT POLISH

There's a 'Nugget' shade for every shoe made.
Sold everywhere in 3d. and 6d. tins.

945



Business Men!

Safeguard Your Voice

Your office desk isn't completely equipped without a tin of "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles. Always keep a tin within handy reach—your safeguard when you have a busy morning's dictating or when you are faced with a heavy day of interviews; and as they contain no harmful drug you may take them as freely as you like.

They are Delicious

Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
1 lb. - 4/3

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

Exhausting Work *and* Virol-and-Milk

LYDIA SOKOLOVA—"QUEEN OF ENGLISH DANCERS." [*Photo by Lenare*

BEHIND THE SCENES *at the* RUSSIAN BALLET

Lydia Sokolova, "Queen of English Dancers," in a conversation in her dressing room, described the Russian Ballet as "a little self-contained village moving about Europe. We do not go much into society," she added, "we have to save ourselves for our Art."

One understands better the nervous and physical strain involved when one considers that the Russian dancers are both supreme actors and perfect acrobats. To meet this double strain the most nourishing food is essential, and Lydia Sokolova finds that Virol-and-Milk is "excellent for preventing both physical and nervous exhaustion." She takes it between the performances as a food which is not only very sustaining but also perfectly digestible.

All those whose work or play involves physical or nervous strain, or who suffer from nervous exhaustion, cannot do better than "hitch their waggon to the Stars" of the Russian Ballet.

VIROL-&-MILK

Virol-and-Milk in Golden Powder is sold by all Chemists, etc. In tins, price 1/3, 2/-, 3/9 & 8/6. Virol Ltd., Hanger Lane, Ealing, W.5

A SKIER AT GRINDELWALD LOSES HER BALANCE, BUT IS BY NO MEANS UPSET

Port, Champagne, Sherry, Burgundy, and Claret, however, will be well up to the average.

A Secret Recipe

A delightful miniature bottle of the original and genuine Eau-de-Cologne can now be obtained from all chemists at the extraordinarily moderate price of 9d. per bottle. This famous brand of perfume has found so much favour throughout the world that the manufacturers have decided to give everyone an opportunity of testing its incomparable quality at small expense. It is of interest to note that this Eau-de-Cologne is distilled from a secret recipe which has been handed down from father to son since 1709, and still bears the label of the original maker, one Johann Maria Farina, with a red seal appended as a guarantee.

Kill that Cold!

After our unusually long summer the combined efforts of the cold weather and Mr. Cook have produced a rich crop of colds and influenza. There is a prevalent belief that the only way to deal with a cold is to "let it run its course"—a proceeding which results, too often, in more serious ailments. For the last twelve years, however, a certain remedy for colds has been quietly, but surely, gaining in favour among wise people, and is rapidly becoming a standard remedy. This is "Vapex," a drop or two of which when put on a handkerchief or anything with which one is frequently in contact gives off a vapour which effectively puts an end to those troublesome cold and 'flu germs. "Vapex" is obtainable from most good chemists in 2s. and 3s. bottles.

Pearls of Note

Artificial pearls can be, and indeed often are, things of little worth, but the very fact of there being so many inferior articles on the market to-day only serves to enhance the outstanding beauty and merit of Técla Pearls. The result of long scientific research, these pearls, which are guaranteed to seem no different to the ordinary eye than are real pearls, will retain their lustre and colour for ever. They are made in many sizes, graduations, and colours, and a remarkable selection suitable to every taste can be made at the Técla Salons at 7, Old Bond Street, W. Técla necklaces, complete with 18-carat gold clasps, range in price from three to twenty-four guineas.

For Winter Sports

Preparing for the winter sports fray is always a big business, for it is well-nigh impossible to go out to Switzerland unprepared and without proper kit. With a view to helping those who propose to holiday among the snows, Messrs. Dickins & Jones, of Regent Street, have opened a department devoted expressly to winter sports kit. Visitors can make all their arrangements as regards travel and hotel accommodation at the George Lunn Travel Bureau on the fourth floor.

A COMPETITOR STARTING IN A LADIES' SKI-RACE AT SUPERBAGNERES IN THE PYRENEES

La Corona Half-a-Corona

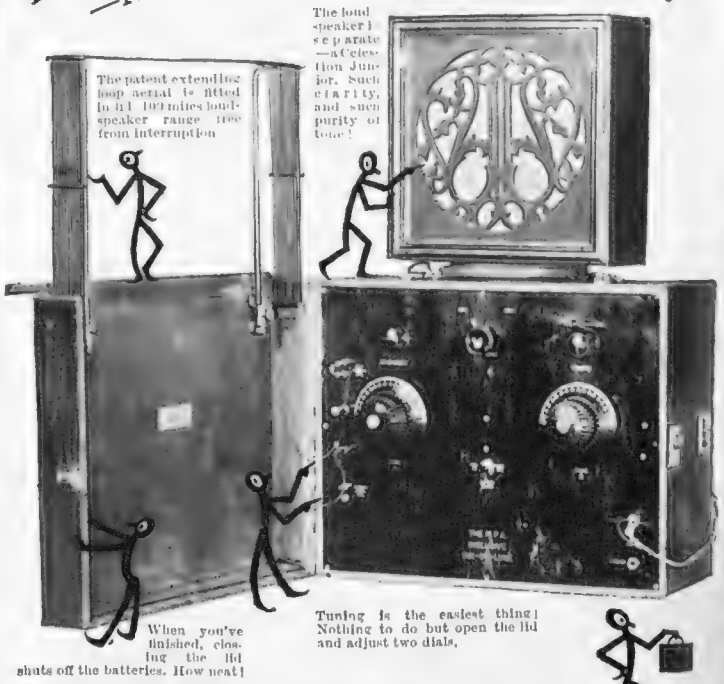
When you give a box of La Corona Half-a-Corona Cigars there can be no doubt about the quality and acceptability of the gift. It is evidence of careful selection and good judgment. In every box twenty-five happy reminders of the donor. Ask for them by *full* name.

Of all high-class Tobacconists and Stores. 29/6 *per box of* 25.

Export Enquiries: MELBOURNE HART & CO., London, E.C.2

Only genuine when they bear the ring with the words La Corona Half-a-Corona

RADIO WITH 100 MILES RANGE —AND NO AERIAL OR EARTH!



Carry it wherever you like, indoors or out. And it costs only 40 guineas.

SEND for '*Music from the Air*'—it tells you all about this and other remarkable portables—free.

MPA PORTABLE WIRELESS SETS

MPA WIRELESS (DEPT. 3) *Gerrard 6845-7.* 62 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.1

The Approach of Winter

with its colder winds, is a trying time to the skin, yet a small amount of care is sufficient to keep it soft and smooth and free from cracks and dryness.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

should be used regularly as a protection before going out, and as an emollient after exposure. A small quantity rubbed gently over the face, neck, hands, and arms, and wiped off with a soft towel, soothes and whitens, and gives a perfect complexion.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, **1/6**

THE COMPLEXION *will be greatly improved by using LA-ROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box, and a touch of LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.*

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.

AFTER A DAY'S SHOOTING—

A MUSTARD BATH

Some may shoot and some may hunt, but the real feeling of fitness comes from the Mustard Bath at the end of the day's exercise.

Benger's for backward children

Parents who have a child growing too rapidly, or weakly, or not thriving, can be sure that extra nutrition of a particular kind is required. There is nothing better than Benger's Food for backward children, and a cupful between meals, and at bedtime, provides just what is wanted.

BENGER'S Food

is always made with fresh new milk. It enriches and converts the milk into a delicious food cream, very easy to digest.

Sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
No. 0—1/4; No. 1—2/3; No. 2—4/-; No. 3—8/6

The Benger's Food Booklet contains many valuable hints to mothers with backward children, post free.

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NEW YORK: 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY: 117, Pitt St.
CAPE TOWN: P.O. Box 573.

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QUEEN'S HOTEL

Facing South, and directly overlooking the sea.
200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or à la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS

Welcome Always Keep it handy
GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

The Liqueur which gives a zest to life.

put up in Bottles, — Half-bottles and Miniatures, Ask your Wine Merchant for it, and at Hotels restaurants etc.
"Sportsmans" (Dry) "Queens" (Sweet.)

(miniatures)
BABY GRANT'S
for every pocket

MAIDSTONE, ENG.

Erasmic Old London Lavender

LAVENDER WATER

Sweet fragrance of lavender fields in unique, beautifully modelled one-drop flasks that prevent waste. Test its lasting powers—you'll find it more enduring.
1/9, 2/3, 4/6, 8/6.

SOAP

Rich with the same true lavender fragrance — distilled and blended with a finely milled toilet soap of highest grade. You'll revel in the richness, the smoothness of this Erasmic creation.
6d per tablet. Bath size 10d.
2/6 per box of 3 tablets.

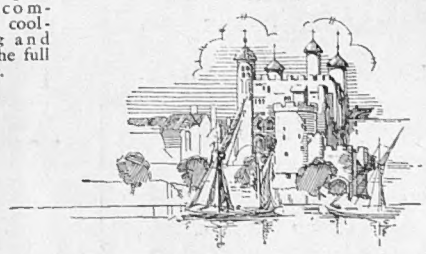
COLD CREAM

A skin cleanser that promotes that flower-petal softness of the complexion — soothing, cooling, beautifying and mingled with it is the full fragrance of lavender.
1/6 per pot.

The Perfume of Great Memories

This for 6d

Send your name and address with 6d in stamps to the Erasmic Co. Ltd., Warrington, for a sample box—Two guest-size tablets of Erasmic Old London Lavender Soap and bottle of Old London Lavender Water. This offer is applicable to Great Britain and North Ireland only.



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WARRINGTON

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Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S PEDIGREE
AIREDALES

best protection against burglars.
ABERDEENS CAIRNS, WEST HIGHLAND, WIRE FOX, SEALYHAMS.
From 10 Gns., Pups 5 Gns.
Clock House, Byfleet. (Station Weybridge) Surrey
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MOTEX *Rugs*

FOR MOTORING COMFORT
In lovely shades of Rich Silk Pile.
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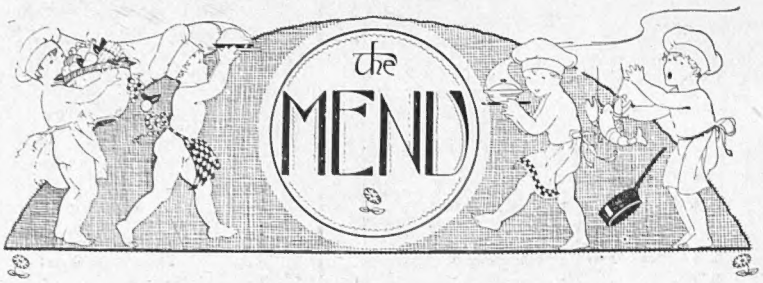

THE MIDNIGHT SUPPER

LOBSTER NEWBURY.
PIGS IN BLANKET.
CHICKEN SALAD.
CREAMED OYSTERS.
PARMESAN EGGS.
DEVILLED BISCUITS.

A SUPPER served at midnight is a very enjoyable affair. There is an irresponsible gaiety in the talk, as also a zest in the food, that is lacking at other meals.

At an impromptu meal the chafing-dish is a useful adjunct, and you who are housewifely may make your own coffee with your favourite coffee-pot and your own toast with one of the new cookers if you are so inclined.

Lobster Newbury

Have a pint of lobster cut in dice well warmed in a pint of cream, the yolks of three eggs, salt, pepper, and a dash of sherry. This you may readily reheat and follow with plain lettuce salad.

Pigs in Blanket

Little pigs in blankets may be easily prepared. Wrap large oysters in thin slices of bacon. At night the little pigs are put in a frying-pan, browned, and then served on strips of toast with lemon.

Chicken Salad

Cut cold boiled chicken into half-finger lengths, and lay them in oil, vinegar, and salt. Then cut up washed celery into pieces of much the same size (half as much celery as chicken), and put it into another dish with a similar dressing. Have ready three cut-up hard-boiled eggs, and treat these in the same way. Make some stiff mayonnaise (without any mustard) and put it on ice. Three hours before needing the salad take the various ingredients away from their dressings, mix them with the mayonnaise and a cup of finely-chopped olives, and lay them on lettuce leaves.

Creamed Oysters

Creamed oysters with celery and chopped nut salad are good, so, too, are sweetbreads and chicken creamed together. Duck served with chopped olives and currant jelly mixed in a gravy makes a nice dish.

Parmesan Eggs

Boil six eggs hard, take off the whites, and cut into large pieces. Mash the yolks smooth with one tablespoonful of oil, one of mustard, a dash of paprika, salt, and two drops of any sauce that is liked. Mix the whites in one cup of white sauce, and put the yolks through a potato ricer; lay the whites on hot-buttered toast, sprinkled with Parmesan cheese, and place the yolks on top.

Devilled Biscuits

Devilled biscuits prove another pleasant item at supper, especially if hot and finely chopped pickles are laid on the top. EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

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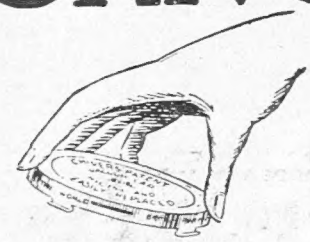

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"John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

—BURNS.

There's no more touching picture than that portrayed by the words of the immortal Burns in the lines above, of a husband and wife journeying through life hand in hand—a mutual help and comfort to each other from youth to age. And in actual life there is no more practical means by which Darby and Joan can prove of mutual help and make provision for the downhill period of their lives than by effecting a Joint Life Endowment Assurance with

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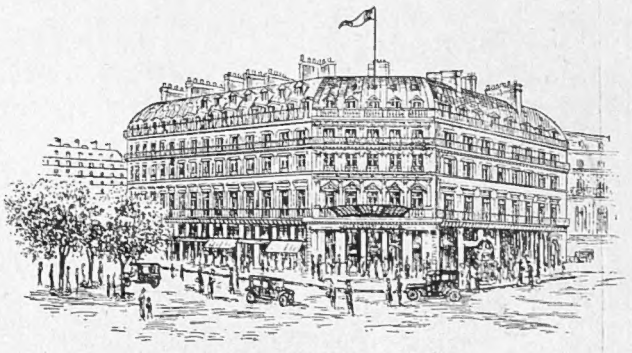

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